

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

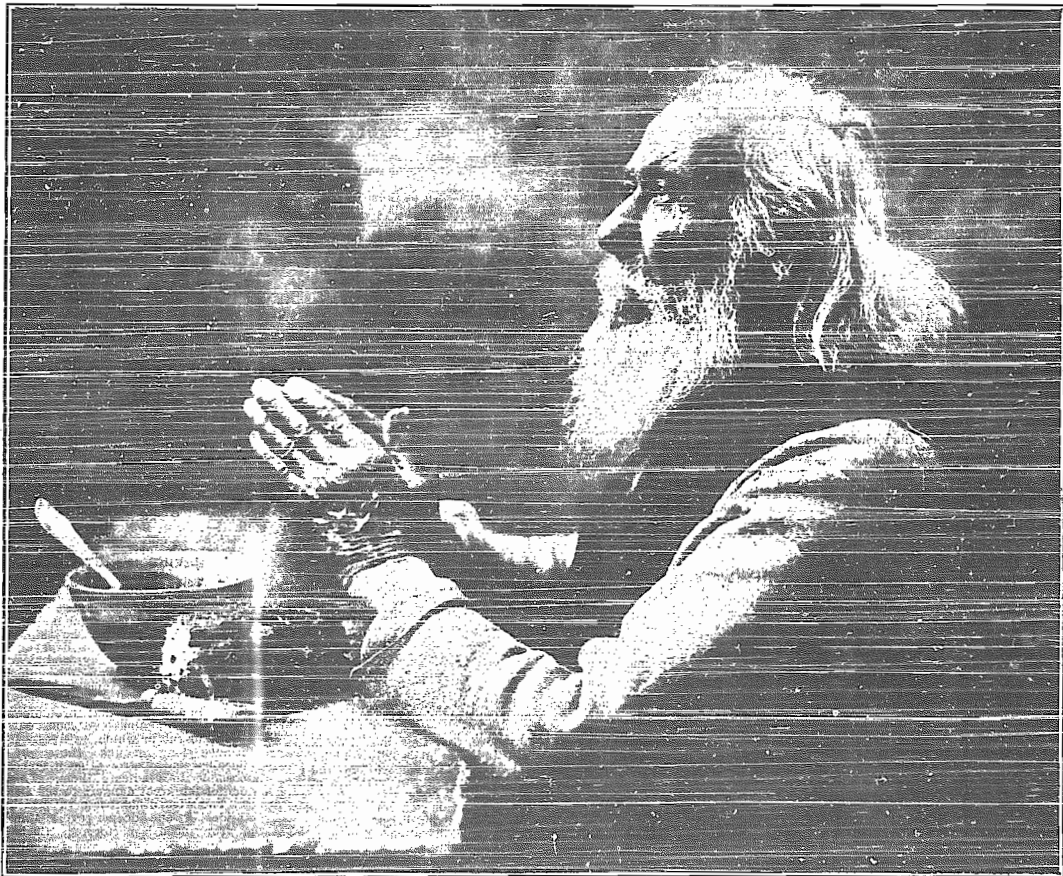
18th Year. No. 5.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



EVER THANKFUL.



THE Apostle Paul directs us in all things to give thanks, yet how few of even the best followers fully and always render thanks in all things. As a rule, the greater and the more numerous the benefits we receive and enjoy, the less we are likely to remember our debt of gratitude to God. And yet gratitude is the very essence of true worship, for out of gratitude to God springs every good and noble purpose, and ever grows the best service to humanity. It is said of Abraham Lincoln, that large-hearted martyr-President of the U. S. A., and the liberator of the slaves, that on the day of the receipt of the capitulation of Lee, the Cabinet meeting was held earlier than usual. Neither the President nor any member was able, for

a time, to give utterance to their feelings. At the suggestion of Lincoln

All Dropped on their Knees, and offered in silence and in tears their heartfelt acknowledgements to the Almighty for the triumph He had granted to the National cause. It was this staunch gratitude to God which made Lincoln the leader of a great nation, who treasures his memory in story and song, and above all in the hearts of the people.

Our frontpage suggested to us the subject of an incident in the life of our own Commissioner, which may not be unfamiliar to many of our readers. We came accidentally across the account of it in an interview with "Staff-Capt. Eva Booth," printed in 1887, in All the World.

Describing some of Miss Booth's slum visits, the interviewer goes on to speak of a visit to an old man pointed out by some woman.

"Oh," said the woman, "if you are looking for someone to visit, you had

better go in there. The sooner he's under ground the better."

"In there" was a house where resided some of the most notorious characters in the neighborhood. Feeling that this was her destination, however, Captain Eva went forward and found her way into a musty little room, where a sad spectacle met her eyes.

On the iron bars of an old bedstead, Without Either Mattress or Bedding,

and with only a few old sacks under and over him, was the rigid, shivering form of an old man. His face was pinched and drawn, and by his side was a cracked cup with a pool of dirty water at the bottom. It was a "blue," cold, bitter morning, but there was no sign of fire in the grate, and the poor creature appeared to be starving with hunger and perishing with cold.

Having learned his name on the way up, Captain Eva said:

"I have come to visit you, Bob. How are you this morning?"

The old man turned his head and gasped out:

"Oh, thank God! Thank God!" Then, raising himself on his elbow, he said, with a ravenous expression on his face:

"The crust, the crust in that cupboard. Get it me, quick!"

Going to the cupboard, Captain Eva found a hard, dry crust, which she could not break with her fingers. In fact, it had lain there for days, while the old man, unable to move from his bed, had lain

Starving Almost to Death.

"You cannot eat this, Bob," she said, "I will run out and get you some fresh, and make you some nice, hot tea in a few minutes."

"No, no, give it me; the crust, the crust!" he urged.

She gave it to him. He seized it from her hands, and was about to devour it when he stopped, and, bending

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SPARKS FROM MANY MINDS

Liberty and duty are inseparable terms. If I ought, I can.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with a single thread.

The most delicate and the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasure of others.

How small soever your lamp be, never give away the oil which feeds it, but always the flame which crowns it.

"A man does not become rich by laying up abundance, but by laying out abundance; that is, by laying it out for God."

Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge.

Never depend on your genius; if you have talent, industry will improve it. If you have no talent, industry will supply the deficiency.

In order to comprehend moral things we must see them done not only under our eyes, but in ourselves. The "ego" comprehends only what it produces.

Through intelligence one reaches many things which are superior to intelligence, but intuitions come better by the quiescence of thought than by thought itself.

We must hear or we must die. It is easier, perhaps, to die, but industry less noble. The immortality of man dissuades and rejects the thought—the immortality of man, to which the cycles and the aeons are as hours and as days.

It then knewest how that every black thought of thine, or every glorious thought, look root out of thee, and for a full century pushed and bored its healing or poisonous roots, oh, how piously wouldst thou choose and think!

THE MEANING OF LIFE.

Fragments from the Writings of Count Tolstoy.

The aim placed before man in infinity is inaccessible to him, but the direction to attain it is accessible.

No life has sense except that which has for its aim to serve God, to serve to the accomplishment of the work of God, inaccessible to us.

The doctrine of Christ is become to me the most comprehensible. Has luck me most, when I have understood clearly that my life does not belong to me, that it is His Who gave it to me, and that the aim of life is not in me, but in His will, which must be known and fulfilled. That has completely transported me.

A very ordinary error is the belief that the aim of life is to serve man and not God. It is only in serving God, that is to say in doing His will, that one can be sure of not doing what is useless, and there is no alternative. God has given us His Spirit, love, and reason to serve Him, and we are employing them in our own service.

For myself, the meaning of life consists exclusively in serving God, by saving men from sin and suffering. A terrible thing it is that in trying to divine the read by which God wants to accomplish this, one deceives himself, makes haste, and instead of helping, prevents or hinders. The only way not to be deceived is not to go ahead, but to await the call of God, to await the situation in which one will be able to act clearly only for God or against God, and in these cases one must gather together all the forces of his soul to act for Him.

Burialing the leaguers does not lessen from liability.

BIBLE READINGS FROM JAMAICA

GIDEON'S IRONSIDES.

When Oliver Cromwell, the uncrowned king, had men under his command, it wasn't the number that made him boast that, come what may, they would stand.

Nor was it the uniform that they wore, as helpful as that would be. But it was the spirit of ev'ry corps that gave them the victory; and it was the prayer of faith that flowed from the heart of each "Iron-side."

So England re-echoes their praises still, and speaks of their deeds with pride.

When General Gideon led the van of God's army in his day, He'd 32,000 men in the march, ready for battle array. "You have got too many," Jehovah said, "to fight the Midianites now. They will take the credit all to themselves, and, p'raps, make a drunken row.

Gave out the word that the fearful return, and those afraid of the fight." Then the 20,000 cowards fell back, rightaboutface, out of sight. "There are yet too many," the Lord replied, "I will now apply a test; March them down to the river side," He said, "and let me pick out the best."

So the General obeyed, and ev'ry one just seem'd to thirst for a drink— That the manner of drinking mattered much, they didn't for a moment think.

But it did, and while some knelt down and drank in an easy kind of way, There were others who lapped the water up, as if they'd scarce time to stay.

So the Lord picked out the men who had lapped, 300 of them in all, And said to the Gen'l, "These are the men on whom my choice must fall."

'Twas a simple test, but the Lord knew best, and when they marched to the fight

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" soon put ev'ry foe to flight; And although their methods were different far from the ancient rules of war,

You'll see, if you read your Bible a bit, the Lord's methods mostly are!

It is not the sole time in Holy Writ a lesson like this was taught, For David, the slant-hillier, was one who shows us how can be wrought: Not by the many, or even the strong, but by a real man of God, Who does what he's told, without asking why, and trends as His Lord has trod.

Once a Salvation Army Lieutenant, discouraged a bit, 'tis said, Wrote a note to her D. O., saying that—well, this is just how it read: "What can three soldiers, a drum, and me, do?" and thought she had made it plain.

But he placed between her words, "and the Lord," and sent it to her again.

And then she saw what before she'd forgot—as long as you have the Lord It don't matter much what else you've not—'neath the battle won't be too hard. For the strength is not yours, and often when you feel you are lone and weak,

The revival you prayed for comes with power, and the Holy Ghost will speak.

You may have a corps of one hundred souls; another elsewhere of five; And the hundred souls may have lost their love, but the other be all alive; And while the one will go into decline, the smaller will do the work That God has raised up this Army to do—by many among us shirk.

Or may have the Army work in a town, and yet it may not be there— For the Gen'l's spirit of life and waste is even how somewhat rare.

You may have a musical orchestra, and a band's help, I agree, too— But unless the bandmen can lap, "like dogs," they had better elsewhere be!

You may have a Captain who knows by heart the "R. R." for the "F. O." And another who's got to spell out some big words, while the critics come just so;

But while the first may have lost his first love, the other, it still on fire, Will walk in the power of the Holy Ghost, and lead his soldiers higher; And when the "fiery trial" shall come to them, as it comes to one and all, The one will still wear uniform, while the other will run from his call.

With what kind of test may the Lord to-day weed out, as He did of old? Well, it is not easy to say, my friend, for it may be brass or gold. It may be in your case a hard-gold corps, or an unkind slant in mine; Or p'raps a bit of Babylonish lace in the matrimonial line; It may be a matter of leaves and fish, or rank and promotion, too— (Don't you think the devil's a bit concerned with what Salvationists do?) Whatever it is, it may do you good, and give you a chance to be One of the few who will lap like the dogs, and join in the victory.

Oh, yes! had they knowna what the test was like—those 12,000 warriors brave—

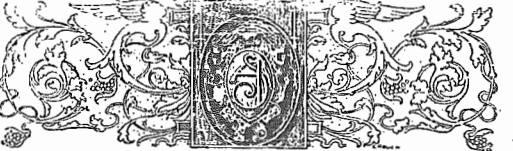
The spirit of war would have urged them on, their reputation to save; And if some, who were in our Army once, had known the test in the way, They would have endured the hardness, I think, and been at the front to-day.

What shall we say, then? Let us say with Paul, "I'm determined not to know

Anything else among my fellowmen that has not the Army "go!" Then shall we lap with the boldest who lap, and be in the grand march past—

When the wisdom of this world shall shrivel, and its first become the last.

—Adj't. Phillips.



Seeds of Sermons.

DESTINY.

How often destiny creeps like a child to our doors; we do not recognize it at the time; it comes, as it were, so naturally, so simply, that we cannot perceive the intruder to be our destiny, the ruler of our lives. But thus it was continually, and as it is it must be right.

LAUGHTER.

God made tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for laughter enables us to rise to the surface, breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the many privileges of reason being confined to the human species.—Leigh Hunt.

ASPIRATION.

There is within us a great wish that is never fulfilled; it has no name; it seeks its object, but no joy, nothing that we offer it, is what it desires. It comes again and again, as when in a summer night we look to a range of distant hills, or when moonlight is on the earth, and we are happy.—Richter.

LIFE.

Life is a walk—a steady, definite, onward movement—a progression with an end in view; a walk such as that of a soldier, who marches himself and gets out with staff in hand, and cap firmly fixed on brow; and with even, steady steps, through stormy wind and driving rain, walks on until he gains his goal.—Dr. Cavendish.

COMPREHENSION.

There is greater variety of parts in what we call character, than there are features in a face; and the morality of that is no more determined by one part than the beauty or deformity of this is by one single feature; each is to be judged of by all the parts or features—not taken singly, but together.—Bishop Butler.

LIVING IN RUTS.

It is very necessary to be on the watch that life be not narrowed and limited in its powers through the defect of a region of action in the same way as a man who thinks, and does the same things over and over again, day after day, and year after year, is in danger of becoming simply an automatic machine. The danger is, that the machine will become cramped, and that prejudices will spring up against everybody outside of the rut in which he lives. If continued long enough, these prejudices become so strong that it seems impossible to eradicate them. This is one of the great dangers to the sinner. The wicked habit is a rut which gets deeper and deeper every time the wrong deed is performed. Christ lifts the sinner out of the rut, and puts him on the broad highway of holiness.

STOPPING A BAD HABIT.

It is better, and often easier, to remove causes than effects. A person who has ruined his digestive organs by unwise eating habits, may stop instantly all those habits, and live on the most severe diet. But it is quite possible that the effects of his years of over-eating will never be repaired in this life. He puts a stop to that which has ruined his trouble too late to be service in repairing the wrong. The first that is destroying a city warehouse may be extinguished only after thousands of dollars' worth of property have been forever lost. It is true of some of our bad habits, or "set lines," also, that we can stop them at any time we wish. But can we undo the harm that they have already worked in our characters? The safest way is to check the destroying agency before it has a chance to begin.

The eyes that see Jesus will always see the right.

EVERY DAY RELIGION.

BY THE GENERAL



TRADE.

Before giving our readers the concluding paragraphs of the General's most useful and principal paper on Trade, we think a brief review of the portions already published, for the purpose of refreshing their memories, will be welcomed.

Starting with the advice, "Have nothing to do with any form of trade on which you cannot ask, and expect to receive, the blessing of God," the General propounded the test question, "Can I conduct this concern as truly in the spirit of prayer and faith as I can perform my duties at the corps?" If not, have nothing to do with it; our business must be part of our salvationism.

Be truthful. "Do the right if the heavens fall." If you know the dress-prizes you sell will not keep their colors, dare to say so. It is better to lie down on your bed at night with a clear conscience, than burdened with the thought of having effected a sale, however large the pecuniary gain, by lying and cheating.

Beware of covetousness; that is, the yearning after gain for its own sake. Covetousness is the cause of untold human misery, and God hates it.

Deal in sound and useful articles. The Quaker set an example of the value of this principle; they supplied a reliable article, and secured a profitable trade. Plee adulteration; and let the poor woman's penn'orth of tea be as good in quality and as liberal in quantity as can honestly be afforded.

Look after your own business. Do as much of the actual work yourself as you can; at least, be familiar with all the details connected with it. When the work is done by others, see that it is properly carried out.

Be just and kind to those whom you employ. Devolve responsibility upon them as they are able to bear it, and encourage them by giving them a share in your profits.

Know, at all times, your financial position; do not live in a Fool's Paradise. Keep your expenses down. Have no debts. Pay cash for your goods, and sell for cash in return.

Give God His share. Scrupulously observe this rule. The tenth is a Scriptural and helpful minimum. It has been urged by some that the sons and daughters of God should give Him their all, and that to fix a tenth is to furnish a stopping-place for benevolence. This argument, however, the General answers in the closing portion of his article:—

THE TENTH IS A PRACTICAL PLAN.

But is not the notion of giving all you have to God also capable of abuse? Indeed, when you come to the practical application of the idea, does it not usually terminate in a dreamy sentimentalism? In the first place, the working of it out is impossible. It cannot, with the best intentions, be translated into fact. Take a man with a wife and five children, and an income of thirty shillings per week. If he literally acts upon this principle, he will give the whole thirty shillings, and have nothing left for the feeding, clothing, housing, and all the other

needs of his family. That would constitute his third duty. But it will be assumed that he must retain what, in his judgment, he feels to be necessary for those purposes—which is to say that he will probably retain all, or nearly all, of the thirty shillings; with which retention the giving of his all to God comes to an end.

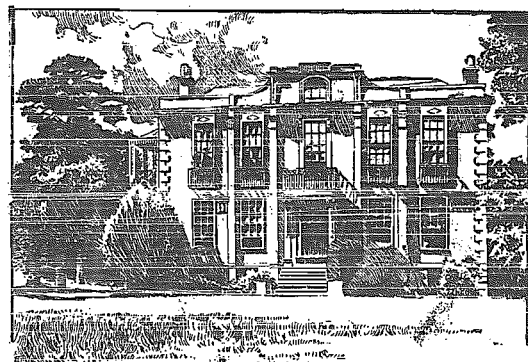
Further, I have already said, and now repeat, that the giving of all in this literal sense usually leads to mere sentimentalism, neither useful to God nor man. I once knew a gentleman—and he is only an example of any number of the same class of people who have come under my observation—who was ever harping on the string that all he had was given to God and

yet he died leaving his family with nearly half-a-million of money.

FIX A STANDARD.

No. I say. Fix your standard at what you conscientiously feel to be the reasonable discharge of your duty in this respect. Begin, we will say, where God instructed Moses and his flock to begin—and they were poor enough in all conscience! That is, at the tithe. Lay aside a tenth of what you ascertain your gains to be, and give it to God. That will not prevent you going ahead of that amount. The few years for beyond it, for, in addition to the tithes, he had collections and donations in constant recurrence. Work out your rule on a graduated scale, beginning at the bottom with the tenth, and go on increasing the proportion as God shall increase your income. From a tenth, you can rise to an eighth, and go on to a fifth, and even still further. Make His glory your joy, your conscience, your guide, and the salvation of men for time and eternity the supreme object for which you live, and trade, and everything else, and you will not go astray on this subject.

(To be continued.)



Victoria House Inebriates' Home—Main Entrance

AN INEBRIATES' RETREAT.

The Latest Development of the General's Darkest England Social Scheme.

The Salvation Army has recently acquired some sixteen acres of land adjacent to the present Hadleigh Farm Colony, upon which stands a fine old mansion, which the General has decided to alter and adapt to Governmental requirements as an Inebriates' Retreat, under what is known as the "Dairyplace Act" in England.

Under this Act, anyone desiring to enter a Retreat and be cared for, can do so by going before a magistrate, handing himself over, and signing an undertaking setting forth his willingness to be subject to the control and discipline of an institution registered for the purpose in question.

The General, ever alive to each opportunity for bettering the social conditions, and saving the souls of those who are in the greatest need, has long had it upon his mind to establish such an institution; and, now, in the course of a few weeks, this Retreat will be open to the slaves of the bottle.

THE RETREAT DESCRIBED.

"Hadleigh Great House," or Victoria House, as it is now called, is situated at one end of the village of Hadleigh, the house itself is part in the Parish of Hadleigh, and part in Thundersley, and it is a very roomy building, capable of giving ample accommodation to seventy-five persons. The rooms are lofty and well-lighted, and the decorative color cheerful, yet restful. The bedrooms have been altered to take from three to six beds each—the inebriate, in the earlier stages of the cure, being subject to great depression of spirits, the company of his fellows

is desirable; hence this arrangement. The kitchen is excellently equipped for coping with the demands of such a large number of people.

The house is secluded from the gaze of the traveler along the highway by a belt of fine trees of ancient growth, and as it stands in extensive and well-wooded grounds, the view from the windows in each direction is charming. On the estate there are grassy glades and pine plantations, where you hear the cooling of the wood-pigeons, and interspersed with shady avenues. There is also a disused fish-pond, whose ancient glories are to be revived; an old English garden, with its borders of box and old-fashioned flowers; an extensive conservatory, and a large kitchen-garden occupying considerable space, and will afford employment for the patients. It is an ideal situation for such a retreat, and Dr. Branthwaite, of the Home Secretary's Department, who has visited the place, highly approves of both the house and the situation.

THE CURATIVE SYSTEM.

In an interesting interview with Colonel Lamb, the Governor of our Land and Industrial Colony at Hadleigh, who is also responsible for the administration of affairs at the Inebriates' Home, we gather the following particulars concerning the system of curative treatment which will be practiced:

"First and foremost," said the Colonel, "we shall rely upon the grace of God to deliver the patient from the bondage of his besetment. The first thing to be done in bringing about the deliverance of a person from the thrall of evil habits is, in all cases, to get him to assume a right attitude with his Maker. That is to say, he

must be got to love God. He will then struggle to overcome his evil besetments, because he knows that displeasing to the object of his affections—God. He will also be taught to look to the Strong for strength. Having thus got him in the disposition of mind to give up drink, and to look to God for grace and power to quit himself like a man in the hour of temptation, the rest will be comparatively easy.

That is, of course, simply conversion, and we shall endeavor to effect it by surrounding the patient from the time he gets up till he goes to bed again with an atmosphere of cheery, sincere salvation, which, we know, by past experience, usually results in his bringing the unregenerate into a penitent and contrite condition of soul before his Creator.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

"Of course, we fully recognize that drunkenness is a matter of physical defect, and that, in addition to spiritual and our curative system, provides for the body, as well as the soul.

"To begin with, we have a consulting physician, who has made a thorough study of inebriety, who is at the present time consulting physician to one of the most successful inebriate retreats.

"Our dietary will be varied and wholesome, and the special needs of the inmates carefully studied. As the inebriates cannot eat when drinking, it frequently happens that neither does he care for drink after a full meal. To ensure a good appetite, the inmates will spend considerable time working in the open air.

"To counteract the awful fits of depression to which this class is subject, we shall endeavor to keep their minds agreeably occupied, and each inmate will be asked to spend at least seven hours per day in some sort of employment.

"Gardening, carpentering, poultry farming, will be the principal occupations. As you will have observed, there is an extensive kitchen-garden, also a large flower-arden and conservatory. This occupation will be out of doors, will be interesting, and such as most can work at. In addition, we intend re-stocking the fish-pond, which will also afford agreeable occupation for many.

"As for recreation, there will be a well-stocked library and a plentiful supply of periodicals. Excursions and pleasant evenings will also be organized. In fact, with the varied resources of the Salvation Army to draw upon, it will be hard if we cannot make it possible for the inmates to have a bright, healthy, holy time whilst, under our roof."

A MATTER OF MOODS.

We asked the Colonel how he would reconcile a system of restraint and detention with the voluntarism from that underlies all other Salvation Army effort.

"All desperate diseases require desperate measures," said the Colonel, "and inebriation is no exception. As a matter of moods, An inebriate may to-day be as far from any desire to 'go on the bust' as it is termed, as you or I. To-morrow the craving may come upon him, and he would give anything to be possessed for a day. If his mood is upon him, it may be necessary to deal with him in a compulsory fashion, and he will bless those who mood he dealt with him, when the mood was passing away."

"We shall, of course, impress upon our patients at such times, the fact that drunkenness is quite as much a matter for Divine Intervention as of that of any other system of the Retreat; and, then, when a close grips with the monster, they must look to God for strength to conquer. I am sanguine enough to believe that a combination of sound Salvation teaching, healthy employment, wholesome food, and freedom from the evil influence of small of intoxicating liquors, will work miracles amongst these poor slaves of the glass.

London interview, in a widely-circulated London magazine, described a certain nostrum for the cure of dyspepsia, and in which the proprietor of the specific says, 'We cannot undertake to renew the will, or regenerate the character of our patients, but this character is just what we hope to regenerate by our system; to regenerate the man's moral character, and renew a right spirit within him is our object—for this is the only 'safe cure.'"

EVER THANKFUL.

→ Evolution of the Salvation Army. ←

Paul in the Witness-Box.

(Continued from page 1.)

his head, said, "O Lord, for what I am about to receive, make me truly thankful."

"I have never forgotten it," said Miss Eva. "The poor old man's 'truly thankful' words had struck to my heart, and when I think of my many mercies, or when any little joy comes to me, I always say in my heart, 'O Lord, make me truly thankful.'"

After a few minutes poor Bob had gnawed, like a hungry wolf, through the whole of the crust with his stumps of teeth, and had drank the dirty water. Then the Captain ran out and got some firing and a few provisions and made him a cup of tea, and gave him some better bread to eat. The poor old man's eyes were well. He clasped his hands and wept, saying,

"It is the Lord! It is the Lord!"

His room was dreadfully dirty. There was no one to clean it, or do anything for him. A little shoeblack had been in the habit of creeping into the room at night and sleeping on the boards, for shelter. In return for his lodging, he would do little odds and ends for Bob, and run an errand for him, but the last three nights the boy had not come, and Bob knew not what had become of him.

Captain Eva found a old brush, and from it took to scrub the boards and clean the fire-place. This was a novel performance for her, and she used so much water over the floor that the occupants of the room being found it dripping, left her in a huff, and came with a noisy protest against the amateur scrubber.

Old Bob now became one of the special objects of her care. Often did the old man pray, with his hands found her hand for a kind of blessing and this young servant who had been the means of bringing so much comfort and consolation to the few remaining days of his old life, now so nearly run out.

"My life is lived," he would say, "and I am going to Jesus; but He will make me to shine for His glory for many years."

In a few weeks, Captain Eva's mission to old Bob was ended, for his passion to climb the poor man's earthly tenement to fill a mansion in the skies—one of the Lord's poor in this world, but rich for the world to come."

What a pathetic story, full of repitance to all of us who had infinitely more to thank God for, and are less grateful.

During the early Methodist revival in the South, a wealthy Maryland planter was riding one day to one of his plantations, where a state of religious awakening. He heard the voice of prayer and praise in a cabin, and, listening, discovered that a negro from a neighboring estate was leading the devotions of his own slaves, and offering fervent thanksgivings for the blessings of their depressed lot. His heart was touched, and, with emotion he exclaimed, "Alas, O Lord, I have my thousands, and tens of thousands, and yet,

Ungrateful Wretch that I Am,

I have never thanked Thee, as this poor slave does, who has scarcely clothing to put on, or food to satisfy his hunger!" He never forgot the lesson.

If our frontpiece only helps to make the heart of each one who looks upon it, more grateful to God for His mercies, we shall consider that the artist who painted it has earned a reward beyond value.

May the Lord help us, under all circumstances, to retain a grateful spirit.

SELF INCENSE.

Beware, my son, of self incense. It is the most dangerous on account of its insidious intoxication. Profound by thine own wisdom, but learn to respect the wisdom of the fathers also; learn, O my beloved, that the light of Allah's truth will often penetrate to the heart more easily than one too, crammed with learning.—Barrachus, Hassan Aglu, an Arab Sage.

All this time Mr. Booth had no definite plans for the future. From the first, he had been strongly opposed to the formation of anything like a separate organization. The first idea was simply to get the people saved and

Send Them to the Churches.

This, however, at the outset, proved impracticable.

1st. They would not go when sent. 2nd. They were not wanted. 3rd. Some of them at least were required to help in the business of saving others.

Thus was Mr. Booth and his band of workers driven to providing for their own converts.

As the movement grew, it was resolved to constitute a mammoth working-men's society in the East End of London, and with smaller branches from one part of London to another, and then to the Provinces, it became accepted generally that their mission was to preach the Gospel to every creature, and matters were arranged accordingly.

Mr. Booth believes that all the successes attending what has since become one of the most marvelous religious movements in the history of the world, have grown out of four simple

(1) Going to the people with the message of salvation. Out of this has grown all our open-air operations, processions, bands, colors, uniform, and such like.

(2) Attracting the people. This has originated the various placards, and all other attractive announcements.

(3) Saving the people. Hence the services for conversion, for holiness, for consecration, for every blessing of the Holy Ghost, and for heavenly enjoyment.

(4) Our employment of the people. Out of which has grown our varied classes of officers, opportunities for testimony, and the opportunity to every man, and every woman, and every child, to use and exercise whatever gifts they may have received from God, for assisting Him in subduing and winning this rebellious world.

We have seen how the General almost drifted into this great life-work, and nothing could be more important to those who would rightly understand him, or the Army, than to hear in mind the no history was prearranged, and that the huge Army of to-day has rather grown than been made.

Commencing with the formation of an East London Christian Revival Society, soon to be devoted into an evangelizing mission, to the East End, was called the Christian Mission as soon as its first narrow boundary had been passed, the General seems only to have become gradually reconciled to the idea of a permanent organization of this kind. He had, and, in fact, may be still said to have, only one absolute settled purpose—to save the largest possible number of the souls of the poor.

A test was made enough to begin with, but it was blown down, and the people must meet somewhere; therefore, they were invited into the curious little rooms, of which we have already spoken, until

The First Real Headquarters

was secured in the most suitable of all imaginable localities, an old public-house in the Whitechapel road, "The Eastern Star." What a name, and what a word of promise for the world, written on that old, vile public-house sign!

The cholera year will never be forgotten by those who lived in London at the time. The misery and poverty of East-End life was that year exhibited in colors that ought not to have left an intelligent nation to sleep on for almost another twenty years before the "bitter cry" of millions of its poor, living under the very shadow of the throne, should reach the ears, and the extremity of that East-End misery had a great deal to do with many of the arrangements in connection with the General's work.

The mild almost becoming bewilderment of the people to realize all that was begun in that one little East-End hall. Amongst the list of the engagements, figured not only a long list of

open-air and indoor preaching services, but class meetings, mothers' meetings, temperance meetings, Bands of Hope, tract distributors' meetings, Bible classes, exhorters' meetings, and children's meetings.

Not one of this enormous variety of meetings was merely rushed over. Every department was

Carefully, Laboriously, Tearfully Cared for.

by workers filled with the same spirit and feeling as their leader, who elevated them all to over-increased exertion.

In all, through all, and above all, salvation was always the ideal kept in view in connection with all these things, and whether a meeting was called a Bible class, a mothers' meeting, a Band of Hope, or a soup distribution, it was pretty much the same—the outer arrangements might differ, but the one thing that anyone who ventured within the lines of attention must always expect was to be tackled about their souls.

As many as two thousand poor fellows would visit

The First Soup Kitchen

in one day, most of them paying pennies for basins of soup, and for substantial food supplied at that price. Free breakfasts were given now and then, on Sunday morning, to people who were tired, but these were distributed by men once of their own class, who carefully hunted them out, one by one, until the tables were crowded with the poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind. But after soup and breakfast came prayer, and the prayer of men who meant to prevail, together with appeal upon appeal, urging to immediate surrender to God as the only remedy for their miseries, temporal and spiritual. Those prayers and appeals did prevail to the salvation of many.

The visitation of sisters, who passed from room to room throughout the crowded tenement houses, quite as eager for the chance to pray with the people and lead them to Christ as for the opportunity to do good to their bodies by the presentation of a soup ticket, told far beyond what we can calculate upon the souls of the multitudes.

As for mothers' meetings, we should not like to investigate too closely the question as to how many stitches were put into the garments, then in course of completion at those meetings in any given hour. There no doubt that many a poor mother was enabled, with the aid of a few pence, carefully saved, to procure clothing, which would otherwise cost them many shillings. Be it said, however, that all the measures of these mothers' meetings relate to mother and sister and that, who, after a great deal of persuasion, were induced to come to such-and-such a meeting, where they were got upon their knees and transformed into lovers of the Lord here they left the place. We should like to hear of the establishment of millions of mothers' meetings of that sort.

(To be continued.)

I WILL TRUST THEE.

I can write my own name in Thy promise, dear Lord,
For I am Thy wandering sheep,
And surely 'tis me Thou hast come now to save.
Who here for my waywardness weep?

My name is not placed in the Lamb's book of life,
Nor engraved in Thy hands, risen Lord,
Then help me to yield to Thy Spirit's long strife.

And write it, with tears, in Thy word.
I will rest, sweetly rest, on Thy words, blessed Lord.

So precious, so plain, and so true;
I am helpless and lost without Thee, blessed Lord.

I will trust Thee—'tis all I can do.

"It has been your reservations which have spoiled your consecrations"—The General.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

"Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ."—1. Cor. xi. 1.

IN this age of uncertainty as regards religious matters, when secret unbelief seems to be sapping the very roots of our faith, and so few appear to be sure about their hold upon the practical and experimental side of God's promises, surely these words come as an astounding declaration.

"Be ye followers of me." It is quite refreshing to hear someone say he is not ashamed of his inner and outer life. We are so tired of those endless discussions, those eloquent denunciations, those exact doctrines, those wonderful adornings of wisdom and goodness. We have had the way explained so splendidly—the law laid down so minutely—all the things we are not to do, and those we are, we have almost by heart, and so we know, notwithstanding it all, our souls crying out for the living embodiment of it all, the crystallization of the truth, so to speak, in some human, tangible, flesh-and-blood being like ourselves, who would judge and teach, we look behind the jargon of the King's Council for

The Testimony of a Living Witness.

Like the share-holder, we are more concerned about the report of the assayer than the clap-net of the promoter. We want to know what the mind is panning out. Where, oh, where, we say, are the men who have seen, and lived, and handled the word of life? Where is the evidence on the subject—the evidence unshakable by the cruellest of the daily witness-box?

The testimony unshaken by the stern tests of the wear and tear of life? When we read the gracious promises of God, offering us liberty from the galling bondage of secret sin, and the shackles of the daily sin, that entrench themselves about our hearts, we look not for someone to expound them, or even enforce them, but for

Someone to Verify Them.

Someone who shall declare that he knows, he possesses, he feels, he overcomes. I say then that it is testimony we want. It is testimony in this hall this evening. It is testimony you want in your heart. Oh, how often have you said, "I only could find someone who had it; someone who had really lived it out; someone who, proving the promises, had held continually the hand of God without perpetually letting go; someone who, being brought out of the hidden things of darkness, and triumphant over the billows of temptation and affliction." Well, here in this text you have the one you seek. Here is one, at least, whose word you will accept—Paul, the apostle—Paul, the inspired.

CHINESE FAMINE FUND.

It is a happy circumstance that Christians have been entrusted with the distribution of famine funds in north China. The heathen, during the last year, have been brought face to face with many foreigners, in the persons of soldiers and sailors, and have not only felt their power, but also, have seen the ways, which have brought happiness and joy, but godlike. As they regard all foreigners as Christians the spiritual effect of meeting such foreigners has been anything but helpful. But now, in the time of the people's extremity, they are being brought in contact with foreigners of another class, and they are learning to make difference between foreigners and foreigners, between Christians and "Christians." The famine, therefore, is the opportunity of the church in north China, and nobly is she taking advantage of it, for by gifts at home, and through missionaries abroad, she is literally fulfilling the Master's word, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." No doubt, there will follow this forgiving and compassionate ministry, a great revival, the saving not only physically, but also spiritually, of many precious lives. May God grant it!—Faithful Witness.

Heroes of the Cross.

**GEORGE
MULLER**

This eminent man of faith was born in the Kingdom of Prussia, in 1805. He was converted to God when about twenty years of age, in a small meeting-house conducted by a pious and zealous friend of his. After having spent many years in the university, he left Germany for England, in the service of the Gospel, and was pastor of a church in London for many years. At the beginning of his ministry, his salary was made up of pew rents, and by other similar means. He began to feel the unscriptural nature of these, and so sold the congregation that he would relieve them of all anxiety, and if they would give him just what they could find it convenient, he would be glad to have them speak to his Heavenly Father, and

Look to Him for all Necessary Supply.

He says: "Since that date, over fifty years ago, I have not failed to have an abundance for all the enterprises under my control, although I have not any stated salary or any regular income. Frequently the last copper had gone before the supply came, but I simply took the matter to God. Often the last meal was on the table, but I asked my Father to give them this day the daily bread, and He has never failed to supply them without good, wholesome food upon the table. Not once did they go cold or hungry to bed."

His attention was drawn to the numerous throng of children wandering about the streets, dirty and unclean, suffering from cold and hunger, and clothing, having experienced such blessed help in answer to prayer, he wondered if he could not, by taking the matter to God, get all necessary assistance to help them. This took shape, a strong hold in his mind that in March, 1840, he founded the Institution that was under his control, which bears the name, "The Scriptural Knowledge Institution, Home and Abroad." The object of this Institution is to teach the Holy and many schools, circulate the Scriptures among the poorest of the poor, make missionary efforts, and circulate religious tracts, pamphlets, etc., among believers and unbelievers, and begeth the seed of truth in the hearts of the patron of the Institution. There are at present under its control some 115 schools—several in Spain, India, and other parts of the globe—all supported by funds coming out of the Institution, which are provided, and for which he had never to ask any man to the amount of one cent. These 115 schools drew from the Institution \$50,000 a year, but all this vast sum was obtained through the circulation of the Scriptures of the Holy Scriptures, the work of the Institution was something unprecedented. During ten years, between 12,000 and 12,000 Bibles, and 87,000 New Testaments, besides other portions of the Scriptures, had been distributed.

Between three and four million tracts and pamphlets are distributed year by year. More than seventy-five millions of books, pamphlets, etc., have been given away; sixty-seven millions in various languages. As the result of this enormous circulation of wholesome literature, a great many papists, and thousands of others, have been saved; while in the various Sunday and day schools, and orphanages, untold numbers of children and youth have been savingly converted to God.

One Million for Missions.

On his mission work throughout the world, he has spent altogether about a million of dollars. But the support of the orphan was the particular object in view when the institution was founded, and in that direction it has been eminently successful. It is now one of the largest institutions of the kind in the world. "He at first gave \$5,000 to start the institution, and in doing so he expected to receive every cent without asking anyone for it. After four months he had enough, which came in small and large sums from various directions, and he returned home for thirty children. On the day of the opening, he sat in his

vestry to receive application for admission, but not one came. After some reflection, he remembered that he had asked for money, and houses and furniture, but he had not prayed for the help of God. He then climbed himself before God, and asked for orphans. Next morning one came, and since then more than 10,000 have been provided for. Within six months of the opening of the first home, he opened another, and a third and a fourth, for girls and boys."

In his orphanage there are about, on an average, 2,250 children. None are admitted unless satisfactory proof can be given of the parents' position as to their parentage, real orphans, and that they are needy. When they have come to a suitable age, they are furnished with an outfit, and apprenticeships, or placed in situations, while very many have been retained as teachers in the various day schools.

The support of the orphanage amounts to \$230,000 annually. The milk bill amounts to \$10,000 yearly! It has sometimes paid out as much as \$27,500 in one day. "In all, Mr. Muller has been able to raise for the orphanage other works of a Christian and benevolent kind, a total of \$4,975,000, and he declares he never asked a human being for a sixpence! He has made it His business to get the money from Him Who has the hearts of all men in His hands, and ask Him for all needed supply, and men have been glad to give it, money being out of their ability, and they have been glad of their poverty. He has received as high as \$45,000 in one donation, and scores of times \$5,000. A principle of his has been never to contribute in connection with his orphanage. Often the last sixpence has been spent, and within a few hours either money must come, or starvation; but the men have never been allowed to feel that they were the children of hungry, toiled men.

Hundreds of times he has held two prayer meetings in a day with his people, beseeching them to send him supplies for the most needy—food for the orphans, and in every case the Lord has graciously answered their prayers. In eleven years he had received some thirty thousand answers to prayer within the same day of praying, and he has never failed to say he had been praying every day over thirty years, and the answer had come as yet. He mentioned these things to the congregation with patience to wait on God. He had received answers after waiting fifteen, twenty, and thirty years. When in the midst of his prayer, he said, "The human being the least intimation of his needs, either by word or look, but always carries a very matter, great and small, to the Father in the Father in the Lord." He declares that his countenance never looks sad or anxious when in need, as he considers that he is in the hands of God, and is inconsistent with a perfect trust in Him.

Taking God at His Word.

He says : " When I first began allowing God to deal with me, relying on Him, taking Him at His word, and depending upon Him, He made me able to rely on Him for myself, family, taxes, traveling expenses, and everything else. I rested on simple promises which were written in the Scriptures." Matthew this passage, " I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on . Is not the life more than meat , and the body more than raiment ? Behold the fowls of the air : for they sow not , neither do they reap , nor gather into barns , yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them . Are ye not much better than they ? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature ? And why take ye thought for raiment ? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow ; they toil not , neither do they spin . And yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these . Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, is not he much more ready to clothe

you, shall He not much more clothe
 you, O ye of little faith? No man
 could by care and forethought array
 a lily. Put a flower under a micro-
 scope, and you will say it has been
 designed by God rather than the hand
 of God. Therefore, though I thought
 saying, What shall we eat? or, What
 shall we drink? or, Where shall we
 be clothed? (for after all these things
 do the Gentiles seek); for your Head-
 ship, I have not sought my own need
 of all these things. But seek ye
 first the Kingdom of God, and His
 righteousness; and all these things
 shall be added unto you. Take, there-
 fore, no thought for the morrow; for
 the morrow shall take thought for
 things of itself. Sufficient unto the
 day is the evil thereof.
 "I believed the word," I lived on it
 and practiced it. I took God in His
 word. A stranger, a foreigner in Eng-
 land, I was, but I trusted His word.
 I might have used them, perhaps, as a
 means of remunerative employment,
 but I had consecrated myself to
 labor for the Lord. I put my reliance
 on His word. He was present, and He
 backed according to His word. I
 lacked nothing—nothing. I have had
 my trials, my difficulties, and my
 empty purse, but my receipts have
 aggregated tens of thousands of dol-
 lars, and the work has gone on all
 these years.

The Lord His Burden-Bearer.

"Now, it is not, as some have said, because I am a man of great mental power, or endowed with energy and perseverance—these are not the reasons. It is because I have sought God, and He has cared for the institution, and the teachers, and the students in the schools, with masters and mistresses, and other department. The difficulties in such an undertaking have been gigantic, but I read that they that put their trust in the Lord shall not be put to shame. I have seen that my brother came from America to see me, and he expected to find me an old man, helpless and decrepit, bowed down with burdens, and he wondered why I did not look old. 'How is it,' he said, 'that you are so young?' I answered him, 'that I have sought God, and He has cared for me.' 'My dear brother,' I said, 'I have always relied the burden on the Lord. I do not carry one hundredth part of the burden comes to me, and I roll it all upon the Lord. I have borne the burden, and now, in my seventy-sixth year, I have physical strength and mental vigor for work as great as when I was a young man in the university studying and preparing for the ministry. I had a great success as a teacher in the last half-century. As at that time. How half-century of labor I've been able, with the simplicity of a little child, to rely upon God. I have had my trials, but I have laid them upon the Lord, and He has cared that I have been sustained. I

day I cast my burdens on the Lord. This morning again sixty matters in connection with the church of which I am pastor might have been the Lord's. Many persons suppose that I have a lot about money that I trust the Lord in prayer. Do bring this money question before the Lord, but it is only one of the things that I have to think about, and I find He helps. Often have perplexity in finding persons of ability and fitness for the various posts that I have supplied. Sometimes in the months pass, and day by day, I bring the matter before the Lord, and invariably He helps. It is so about the conversion of persons to prayer, sooner or later, is turned into prayer, and the persons are enabled to sustain full faith at once. All such things as jumping into full exercise of faith in such things I discountenance. All such things I go on in a usual way, while I have I did not obtain all at once."

First the Kingdom

He says: "The first and primary object of the institution was, and still is, that God might magnify by the fact that the urbanites receive His care and His love, that they may be comforted by prayer and faith, without anyone being asked by me or my fellow-laborers, by which it may be seen that God is faithful still, and hears prayer still. This, my aim, has been abundantly honored. Multitudes of sinners have been thus converted, multitudes of the children of God, in all parts of the world, have benefited by this work, and I have anticipated. But the larger the work has been, the greater has been the blessing bestowed."

very way in which I look-
ing; for the attention of
thousands has been drawn to
Many tens of thousands have
to see it with their own eyes."
We recommend the reader to
his "Brief Narrative of the Lo-
Dealings with George Muller," and his
Annual Reports. These accounts are
simply marvelous. No Christian can
read them without having his faith
greatly strengthened.

A Natural Diet. A Moral Question.

By BRAMWELL BOOTH, the Chief of
the Staff.

One of the great lessons which the world is slowing learning is the intimate relation which exists between the physical status and the moral nature of man. I will name one, and that a very commonplace illustration. It is generally allowed that the children of the slums will furnish a larger contingent for recruiting the armies of vice and crime than those who are reared under decent conditions. The dirt, the disease, the contact with what is physically vile and degrading which the overcrowding involves, are certain to produce well-defined impressions on the moral character of many of those who suffer from it.

My experience, extending now over more than twenty-five years of considerable opportunity for observation, was primarily to the conclusion that very little, if any, good—in a very striking measure—in is to be derived from the diet of the people. I believe that the absurd notions that at present prevail as to the kind of food necessary, and the amount required to sustain health, as to the necessity of preparing food in a palatable and digestible form, and the relation of food to the palate of those who partake of it, are answerable, first, for a large part of the ill-health, the ill-health, and the craving for stimulants; and, secondly, for much of the poverty, the smallness and the vice which prevails around us. Thus, as the excessive drinking of unnecessary and unwholesome liquors leads to physical and mental, and then to moral, decay, so excessive eating of unwholesome and ill-suited food is a grave cause of much physical degeneration, mental decline, and of an ever-growing measure of moral decrepitude.

I ought, no doubt, to speak on this matter with all diffidence, especially on such an occasion as this, and I have no sort of doubt, but for myself I am sure, that the responsibility of animal food is mainly responsible for a great part of this evil. Excessive drink-driving is probably a powerful inordinance of the flesh-meat; and the growing habit among adults, and especially among children, of eating sugar-haps, another help to the enemy. The poor, bloodless creatures who abound in our great cities — many of them the slaves of appalling habits, and all more or less living under the craving for stimulants of one sort or another — are terrible being slowly poisoned by the very food they eat, while they are deluded into thinking that it is a necessity of their existence. The wretched victims of alcoholism — secret and avowed — the despair alike of our philanthropists and our legislature — gradually led into this habit by the unnatural appetites, and disposition to stimulants, which is a marked result of eating flesh. The fact that I now it not only makes it more appalling, but also just and licit, and license, who pass to and fro, and our civilization, and follow the flag in every quarter of the globe, have been compelled to their present depths of debauchery by the consumption of the flesh of animals, the habit of which was formed, in many cases, when they were young children at some school, which widely advertised to an ignorant public its "liberal diet."



OUR SOLDIERS' PAGE



Daily Readings.

IDEAL CONSECRATION.

"All is concentrated in a life intense. Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost. But hath a part of being."—Byron.

SUNDAY.

Absolute Surrender.—1. Kings xx. 1-4. The condition for royal presentation is an ungloried hand. It symbolizes freedom from any reserve or hostility in the subject's allegiance to the crown. From Ben-hadad's time until the present day, this world's reigning powers have insisted on absolute surrender. We accept as an understood fact in everyday life what we must contest in spiritual, yet God's way for us is still unconditional submission—and only by our entire abandonment to His will can we realize His purposes for us and through us.

MONDAY.

A Spiritual Sacrifice Which Includes Every Earthly One.—Rom. xii. 1-2.

More than halt the spiritual thickets in which unanctified hearts tangle themselves are the outcome of one-sided consecrations. Their prayers, their hymns, and those fagends of time into which many seek to cram the whole duties of their religion, are laid on the altar, but they are not willing that the whole business, fashion, and conversation of their daily life should be conformed to the image of His cross. But a surrendered life and a sanctified soul are inseparable, and you cannot have the experience of the latter without the sacrifice of the former.

TUESDAY.

The Last Bridge Burned.—1. Cor. ix. 24-27.

A manaced captive attempting to run a race would be an impossible situation. Yet what men would scorn as hopeless inconsistency in a physical contest, they are seeking every day to reconcile in their spiritual warfare. Indulgences which, to the man of low ideals, may be won, are out of all consideration with one whose standard is of higher order. The freeing of the world is terribly hindered by its would-be deliverers being such fettered people.

WEDNESDAY.

One Object in Life.—Phil. iii. 13-14.

Many life-failures are to be attributed not to insufficient ability or unfavorable circumstances, but to a lack of fixed purpose. What the helm is to the ship, purpose is to the life—a rudderless existence is sure to make shipwreck. Obstacles become opportunities and hindrances to the man who is consumed by the fire of an undaunted ambition. Such an ambition was the apostle's. Every secondary consideration was lost sight of, and both popularity and vision, honor and hearing and shameful death, were but means to an end with him.

THURSDAY.

One Knowledge.—1. Cor. ii. 1-2.

Undue concern for the opinion of the world leads the soul into serious muddles, and places the whole service, both towards God and man, at a disadvantage. People who, with St. Paul, in all their dealings with others, know only "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," stamp their sincerity upon the conscience of the insincere, and demonstrate the truths which they declare. The continual remembrance and recognition of the cross may not always

guarantee popularity, but will insure inward peace and outward triumph.

FRIDAY.

Prayer Which Prevails.—Mark xi. 22-26; Eph. vi. 18.

Lack of concentration is the greatest stumbling-block to effectual prayer. We give ourselves too little chance to come really in touch with the Divine. Five minutes' abandonment to communion with God brings more reward than five hours of divided attention. If we could seal our mental vision to outward things, when we close our eyes to outward scenes, we should find God sooner when we pray.

SATURDAY.

God's Standard.—James i. 27.

Perfect charity and perfect purity are God's ideals for His saints. But we cannot help noting that God has placed the charity first, as if to enforce its importance. A clean heart and a meek life are impossible associations. The world's most contaminating influence is the spirit of selfishness, hence the soul's best safeguard to keep unspotted from its encroach is the cultivation of love.

Sems.

Forgetfulness of Blessings.—We write our blessings on the water, but our afflictions on the rock.

Individual Effort.—The historian remarks, that at the Battle of Agincourt, every man fought as though the success of the day depended upon his own exertions.

Sensitiveness to Sin.—A beautiful flower—the wood sorrel—grows among the trees in some parts of England. It has shining green leaves, and transparent bells with white veins. When it is gathered roughly, or the evening dew falls, or the clouds begin to rain, the flower closes and droops; but when the air is bright and calm, he unfolds all its loveliness. Like this sensitive flower, spirituality of mind, when touched by the rough hand of sin, or the cold dews of worldliness, or the noisy rain of strife, hides itself in the quietude of devout meditation; but when it finds the influence of sunny and serene piety, it expands in the beauty of holiness, the moral image of God.

Repentance, Delaying.—If a man sets about climbing a steep cliff when he is young, he does certainly have the free use of his limbs, he has a great advantage; the old and the crippled are pretty sure to fall. So it is with repentance. The young can mount the hill, if they set about in good earnest, with much less toil. But they who are old in sin, they whose souls have become stiff through years of wickedness, and have grown a double, so to say, by always looking earthward, how can they make the effort which are needed for such a task? Of all hopeless miracles, the miracle of a death-bed repentance seems one of the most hopeless.

Forgiveness of Injuries.—Take a piece of wax and put a seal to it; it leaveth an impression or mark like itself in the wax, which, when a man looks on, he does certainly know that there hath been a seal, the print whereof is left behind. Even so it is, every one that hath a readiness to forgive others, by which a Christian may know easily that God hath sealed to him the forgiveness of his sins in his very heart. Let men, therefore,

but look into their hearts, whether they have any affection, any inclination to forgive others, for that is, as it were, the print in their hearts of God's mercy towards them in forgiving of them.

Weak Faith.—As many a man loses the sight of a city which is some miles near it, so many a choice soul loses the sight of heaven even when it is nearest to heaven.

A Man of One Idea.

By A. L. P.

"Then we must separate, Cecil." The tone was as decided as it was regretful, and the speaker pushed back his chair, as if to end the conversation.

"I can't, for the life of me, see why we can't come to terms," objected the languid youth from the arm-chair. "I'm willing enough to do a little psalm-singing on Sundays, if you'll give up being a hermit on week-days. It's this confounded habit of bringing religion into everyday business that I can't put up with."

"It's the only thing worth anything to me—or to anyone else. One can't do wrong and right at the same time. Cecil, I can't go with the world and hold on to God. But it's hard to leave you, old fellow. Why shouldn't you make a clean sweep, too?"

"Because I just can't, Alce. I confess I like to stand true with people, and society hates a fellow that's extreme. But there's no reason for you to desert me. Go a few times to the theatre and the club with me—with you I'm sure to keep straight. It may be lazy, but alone I simply can't stand against the life."

There was an affectionate appeal in the weak face that was a temptation to the stronger nature of his friend. Yet he turned aside, saying sadly:

"If I no use, old boy. If you won't go with me, I can't go with you—my world and your's won't mix. We shall have to say good-bye."

But it was a bitter word. At school and college they had been fast friends and comrades. Now a genuine conversion had found the backbone in the one character, while the other was content to drift with the stream, and the parting of the ways had come.

"Have you heard the latest of our old friend Alce?"

"Neither stale nor fresh news comes my way," returned the other occupant of the smoking-room, in whom it was not hard to recognize the Cecil Thorne of old days. Ten years of self-indulgence had not enhanced his good looks—upon his effeminate features rested the scorn of habitual discontent.

"Why, I went to hear him, when I was in the city last week, at the old rink. Tell you what, though, he gets the biggest crowds together you ever saw. You should have heard him go on in his red gurnsey. He's a queer way of making your conscience creep, and I tell you what, Thorne, if there's a man who has made a success of his religion, he's the one—he's as thin as a rake, but a happier face I never saw on any man."

"A success of his religion." Long after the other had gone Cecil Thorne sat repenting to himself those words. He looked round his luxurious room, with its costly fittings, glanced down his own faultless attire, and fingered the cards in the tray with their reminders of the claims of the society for which he had bartered so much. He owned himself a disappointed man.

Arrows from the General's' Quiver.

Men's hearts are won by love—the love that suffers, and tolls, and sacrifices on their account.

Soul-saving is, I admit, hard work to the poor body. But then it was hard work for our dear Lord, and He turned not aside.

Preach Jesus to the children, just as you do to the older people. They will understand you and bless you if you give them the truth.

If you want to do better with the children, if you want them to be good, to persevere, and to turn out holy, useful men and women, get them converted.

Imperfect as we are, I flatter myself that there is no other training ground in the wide world where children will have as good a chance of being saved and sanctified, and made into dandified warriors of the cross, as in the ranks of the Salvation Army.

I do not see how any man can give up the work of saving souls, and sit down in selfish idleness, without, sooner or later, grieving the Spirit and losing the life of God out of his soul.

Live so that other people will be pleased that you live, and will thank God that ever you were born—not merely because you amuse them, but because you bless them. . . . To this end you must rise above the mean selfishness which does not go beyond its own gratification.

Live so that you will be pleased that you do live. Make your life a satisfaction and a joy to yourself. . . . Watch your treasure, mind your business, resist temptation, keep your witness clear, maintain a good conscience, and do your duty to God and man.

It hurts me as nothing else does in this world, to see those who have fought by my side, and joined their songs, and prayers, and entreaties with mine, give up and leave me to struggle on as best I can.

One soldier cannot grow weary without discouraging another. We are bound so closely together, that one cannot stop working without danger of another following his example. Persevere, and others will keep their hearts up, stand their ground, and go ahead. Give up, and others, influenced by your example, will be dragged along from the carrying of the cross.

Lost souls in hell feel how infinitely superior holiness is to wickedness; how much better it would have been for them if they had washed their hearts white in the blood of the Lamb when they had the privilege.

Wicked men often admire purity. They look on it as being beautiful and desirable in others, although they regard it as being impossible to them. . . . When they see people whom they know are pure and good, they hate themselves.

Keep going on. Never mind your feelings. Remember your reward. Look at your crown. He has promised to give you one if you stick to your duty, and live, and fight, and die at your post. It is yours already—do not let it go for want of a struggle.

PILGRIMS PROGRESS.

A SALVATION ARMY VERSION

BY CAPT. COPPERFIELD

SECOND BOOK

CHAPTER IX.

MESSRS. BRISK AND SKILL.

Now, before the pilgrims had been here more than a week, a certain clergyman, named the Rev. Shortcut Brisk, became a constant visitor, pretending to be somewhat smitten with Mercy. He was a man who had a large church of his own, with a stated salary, but his people were not spiritually inclined. As for conversions, they never took place in his church, although he was said to be "not much against them." Mercy was undoubtedly good looking, so had captivated his eye. She was also very industrious, so he thought she would make him a good wife. He was concealed enough to think that as soon as he proposed to her, she would at once throw up her pilgrimage (as some others had done in similar cases) and agree to marry him on his own terms. Here, however, he was mistaken, for she mentioned the matter to Sister Love, who told her what she knew of him.

A Frustrated Proposal.

"The," said Mercy, "I will think no more of his proposal, for I cannot afford to let the devil put a drag on my soul."

Faith then remarked, "You need not say much to him; when he sees you busily engaged making up these garments for the poor, it will quickly cool his courage."

So the next time he came she was at her old work again, making things for the poor.

Then said he, "What! always at it?"

"Yes," she said, "either for myself, or for others, and I am happier when it is for others, and not for myself."

"How much can you earn a day?"

"I do these things," she replied, "that I may be rich in good works, laying up treasure in heaven."

"They don't want them up there, I am sure," said he, with a laugh.

"What do you do with them?"

"Clothe the poor and naked," she said.

With this his countenance fell, and shortly afterwards he took his departure. He never returned, and when

asked the reason why, he said that Mercy was a pretty lass, but had peculiar ideas of practical religion that he could never tolerate. When he had left her, Faith said, "Did not I tell you what he would do?"

M.: "I'd rather not marry at all than marry the like of him. Who wants to have the doubtful bond of partial oversight of his dead souls? Not me, I'm sure. I had a sister once who married just such an one. The world said she was so fortunate, had such a high position, but her sick dress covered an aching heart, which her husband afterwards broke so that he might marry somebody else."

F.: "And yet he was a professor of religion, I suppose?"

M.: "Oh, yes; one of the orthodox sort; their name is legion."

A Bad Case of Indigestion.

Now Matthew, the eldest son of Christiana, fell sick, and Christiana got so much concerned about him that she at once sent off for the nearest doctor, one Mr. Skill. So he came, and after looking at his tongue (which he told him to long-out as far as he possibly could) and feeling his pulse, he concluded that he had an attack of indigestion. Then he said to his mother, "What has he been eating of late?"

"Nothing but what is wholesome," she replied.

Dr. Skill answered, "This boy has something lying in his stomach undigested, that will not leave of itself, and I tell you he must be purged, or he will die."

Then said Samuel, "What was that which my brother gathered up and ate, where the trees hung over the wall from the orchard?"

"True, my child," said Christiana, "he did eat some of that fruit, I remember; I told him not to, but he would."

Skill: "I knew he had eaten some unripe fruit, which is most indigestible. Many have died from less than this; nor does the advance of medical science."

Then Christiana began to cry, and say, "Oh, Matthew! My son, my son! What would become of me if you were to die?"

S.: "Come, do not lose heart; it is a very dangerous case, but I will do my very best to pull him through. You can depend on me."

G.: "Thank you, sir, please try the utmost of your skill with him, whatever it costs."

S.: "Our charges are laid down by the law that permits us to practice."

So he made him a purge, but it was too weak. It was made of goat's blood, ass's milk, garlic, and assafoetida, mixed with honey. When Dr. Skill found this purge was too weak, he made one from a Latin prescription, and mixed it into pills with starch and gum. When these pills—four of them—were brought to the boy, he flatly refused to swallow them, although well dosed up with the indigestion.

"Come," said the physician, "you must take it."

"It goes against my stomach," says the boy.

"I must have you take it," says his mother, sternly.

"I shall vomit it up again," says the boy.

"Please," said the mother, turning to the doctor, "how does it taste?"

"It has no bad taste," said he.

With that she touched one of the pills with the tip of her tongue; "Oh, Matthew," she says, "it is as sweet as honey! If you love me, if you love your brothers, if you love Mercy and Eva, you will take them."

So he sat up in bed, and, looking as unpleasant as he possibly could, took it without further ado. But it did wonders within the next few days. It caused him to purge, it caused him to sleep, and rest quietly. It put him in a fine perspiration, and the indigestion left him. So the following week he got up, and, by the aid of a walking-stick, went from room to room, telling Faith, Hope, and Love of his sickness, and how Dr. Skill had healed him.

The next day the physician was back again. He had come to pay another visit, and to collect his fee, which, considering his reputation, was very moderate.

A Straight Question.

"Pardon me," said Sister Faith to him, when he was about to go, "have you ever been converted?"

He hesitated for a moment, and looked perplexed. "You are the first," said he, "that has ever asked me such a question. Being that you are a Salvationist, I suppose I must excuse you. My answer is, No; medical men have little time for this sort of thing; nor does our daily work (Sundays included) tend to spiritualize us. Nor does our intercourse with professing Christians help to make us other than what we are. The vast majority of us are skeptics, and are not

ashamed to own it. The Scripture that we agree with everybody be persuaded in it. mind." Goodness! I'll send contribution one of these days," he laughed and was gone.

"Well, I never!" said Christiana, who had been listening, "and to think that we are conferring with an unbeliever, and consequently an enemy of the King! The next time I send for a doctor, I must get a Christian one, even if I have to go myself and search the countryside for such. And, mind you, I was thinking of purchasing a few boxes of his pills to take on the journey with us. Now I shall do without them, and trust to Providence."

"I shall try to hear you speak like that," said Sister-Love, "you were in too much of a hurry from the first; so in your anxiety you forgot to ask the Lord to show you what to do. And his answer was for the wrong man, although, he says, he cured your son. I know what Commissioner Pearson would have said about it."

C.: "What?"

A Better Way.

L.: "Well, you see, he goes by the Word, which says, 'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall heal the sick, and the Lord shall (not may I) raise him up, and his sins shall be forgiven him.' He has called us together many a time for this purpose."

C.: "And has it succeeded?"

L.: "Yes; and those who have been healed, have also been spiritually blessed at the same time, according to the promise."

C.: "Then it is a better way than the other."

L.: "That is just what it is—the better way. Perhaps it is the only way. Yet none but sanctified people follow this prescription, and, I fear, but few of them. If they did, God would be honored thereby—but in many a city the 'craft would be in danger, and would cry, somewhat as they did of old, 'Great is Diana of the Physicians!'"

In this way, and with much other profitable conversation, the time of the departure of the pilgrims drew near, and they intimated the same to the sisters, who were sorry that their stay was so short.

(To be continued.)

PLEASURES OF LIFE.

If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault; for God makes all men to be happy.—Epictetus.

A cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around.

Nothing can work me damage but myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.—St. Bernard.

I am always content with that which happens; for I think that which God chooses is better than what I choose.—Epictetus.

The man who is not content with little is content with nothing. Epictetus.

"The religion which Christ founded has been a mighty influence in the civilization of the human race. If we of to-day owed to it nothing more than this, that debt of appreciation would be incalculable. The doctrine of love, purity, and right living has, step by step, won its way into the heart of mankind, has exalted home and family, and has filled the future with hope and promise." William McKimley.

THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

Once realize what the true object is in life—that it is not pleasure, not knowledge, not even fame itself, "that last infirmity of noble minds," but that it is the development of character, the rising on a higher, nobler, purer standard, the building up of the perfect man—and then, so long as this is going on, and will, we trust, go on for evermore, death has for us no terror; it is not a shadow, but a light; not an end, but a beginning.—Lewis Carroll.



Territorial Newslets

East Ontario Province has a long list of sick and resting officers. Ensign Pugh continues very poorly, but is mending slowly. Ensign Jones will be unable to take an appointment for some time, owing to a serious breakdown in health. Capt. Hutt is very low, and her life has lately been despaired of. Capt. Randall is in the hospital at Kingston, seriously ill with typhoid fever. Let us fervently petition the Throne on behalf of these warriors who have fallen.

Our comrades in Dawson City are living in the anticipation of a successful winter's work. The season of ice and snow has already commenced, and the Social Wood Yard is doing a brisk trade.

The death angel has visited the home of Sergt. Major and Mrs. Kearns, of London, taking to heaven their infant child. The funeral was conducted by Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray. May God comfort our comrades in their sorrow.

We deeply sympathize with Lieut. M. Wilson in the loss sustained by the death of her youngest sister, aged 3. The family ranks amongst the oldest Salvationists of the Riverside corps. May the consolation of a loving Christ be theirs continually.

The familiar form of our old comrade, Major Smeeton, in and around the Territorial centre during the past few days, brings to mind happy times of yore. We cannot say that he has either gained in stature or flesh during his seven months' absence. He is in love with Newfoundland, and has great anticipations for the Army's future on the island.

A SINNER'S PRAYER.

O Thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to Thy Divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth;
And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;
By Thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
Oh, pardon me!



Spiritual Specials.

MAJOR GALT AND CAPT. LEADREW
Will visit Cobourg, Fri., November
11, to Thurs., Nov. 7; Brockville, Sat.
Nov. 9, to Mon. Nov. 11; Perth, Tues.
Wed., and Thurs., Nov. 12, 13, 14;
Ottawa, Sat. Nov. 16, to Wed., Nov.
21.

Red-Hot Revivalists.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND HIS
ASSISTANT
Will visit Guelph, Thurs., Nov. 7, to
Mon., Nov. 13; Hespler, Wed., Nov.
20, to Mon., Dec. 2; Temple, Fri.
Dec. 6, to Thurs., Dec. 19.

THE WEST ONTARIO SOUL-SAVING
TROUPE

Will visit Norwich, Nov. 8 to 18, in-
clusive; Simcoe, Nov. 19 to 28, inclu-
sive; Tilsonburg, Nov. 29 to Dec. 9;
Ridgeway, Dec. 10 to 19; Blenheim,
Dec. 20 to 30; Leamington, Dec. 31 to
Jan. 9; Essex, Jan. 10 to 20; Windsor,
Jan. 21 to 30.

Tottering Turkey.

Considerable unrest is felt in Europe over the state of affairs in Turkey. The recent state of lawlessness in many parts of the Sultan's domain, coupled with brigandage and kidnapping of missionaries and foreigners, which were held for ransom, and constant frictions between Mohammedans and Christians, showed the inability of the Turkish Government to preserve order and peace. France has pressed the Sultan for payment of claims, but he is, evidently, unable to comply. The Czar of Russia has expressed a desire to meet the Emperor of Austria and King of Italy to discuss the Turkish question with them, as he has doubtless done already with the President of France and Emperor of Germany during their recent voyage. While there need not be any apprehension of hostilities it cannot be considered anything else than a very vexed and complicated question, which will tax European diplomacy very acutely to settle satisfactorily.

South Africa.

The weary war is dragging on in South Africa. The few despatches which reach the public are very insufficient to give any idea of the actual state of affairs. Captures of Boers are, however, reported regularly every week. Botha's force, evidently, has been able to break through the British lines in small numbers. The famous Boer leader, General De Wet, is reported to have died as the result of wounds received in battle. This, of course, is only a rumor, but may be true, as nothing has been heard of him for a long time now. The latest estimation gives the number of Boers and rebels in arms to be ten thousand. Lord Kitchener is reported to have asked for more trained men. Twelve more Boer leaders, recently captured, have been banished from South Africa. The London papers print a number of reports from various sources, to show the Boers are replenishing their war supplies in Europe. They are supposed to have bought horses in South Russia, and to be bargaining for French guns. The arms and ammunition are said to be imported through Portuguese East Africa. It is said that upon the return of Lord Salisbury a greater display of energy will be made in view of ending the war, as the King is anxious the hostilities should cease for his coronation.

Miscellaneous.

An attempt to cross the Mediterranean in a balloon, by a Frenchman, has failed, on account of exceptionally strong winds.

Martial law has been declared at Seville, Spain, where strikers committed many acts of depredation.

H.M.S. Indefatigable, which was damaged at Quebec by going ashore, is being repaired at Halifax. The damage will amount to two hundred thousand dollars.

The Chicago Post Office was robbed of seventy-four thousand dollars' worth of postage stamps.

Professor Senex, of the University of Chicago, has predicted war between Russia and Japan, over Corea.

It is expected that London City Council will make an experiment of a municipal restaurant, for the convenience of laborers, at the request of various labor organizations.

The price of hard coal has been advanced to \$10.50 per ton in Winnipeg.

Seven Spanish mariners were captured and eaten by cannibals, on the West Coast of Africa.

Famine riots have broken out in a district of Russia, and serious conflicts have taken place between peasants and troops.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, Ex-M.P., committed suicide by shooting, in a Winnipeg hotel.

A despatch from St. Petersburg states that Russia has a garrison of forty thousand men at Kushk, on the Afghan border.

The Manchester Shipper run around near Sydney, N.S., as a result of the pilot's disregard of the Captain's warning. No lives were lost, but the damage will amount to a great deal.

An English engineer is supposed to have discovered the old Pharaoh's mines, in Egypt, which are supposed will yet pay exploration.

An American who entered Russia under false passport, was sentenced to four years' penal servitude and deportation to an island after that.

The United States is about to send more troops to the Philippines. It is reported that the American soldiers now neither give nor take quarter with the natives.

One hundred and forty-five Free State Boers have recently taken the oath of allegiance to Great Britain.

A new battleship ordered by the British Admiralty will be larger than any existing one, having a displacement of sixteen thousand five hundred tons.

It is reported that the British Government has purchased sixteen thousand horses in southern Russia.

The famous novelist, Hall Caine, is running for the Manx Parliament. His platform includes Government ownership of banks, steamships, and street railways.

The output of the Rand Mines, South Africa, for September, was nearly thirty-two thousand ounces of gold.

Plant for the manufacture of steel shells in the Dominion arsenal has arrived at Quebec.

The new agreement as to Manchuria, made between China and Russia, is considered favorable to China.

The Shah of Persia has decided to send one hundred and fifty young nobles to various European cities for educational purposes.

Rich mining has been discovered in the old Cariboo gold field, of British Columbia.

THE PROPER DEFINITION.

"Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—Heb. xii. 1.

The meaning of this passage has been confused by the newspaper slang which says that a distinguished company "witnessed" a certain performance, when all that is meant is that they saw it. A witness, however, is not a person who sees, but a person who gives evidence of what he has seen. Thus the "cloud of witnesses" does not mean a crowd of onlookers. In that case, a different word would have been used in the original Greek. "Witness" is the correct translation in its strict sense, Abraham, Moses, and the others, whose deeds are recorded in the previous chapter, are not set forth as oracles who are keeping an eye on us, and making us more timid than we were before, but as encouraging us by the witness, or evidence, their lives give of the power of faith to sustain the believer. Put them into the witness-box, and they have a story to tell which should put heart into the feeblest.—S. S. Times.

Last time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough.

Dost thou love life? Then squander not time, for time is the stuff life is made of.

GAZETTE.

Promoted to Glory—

ENSIGN JOSEPH PARKER, who came out of Gravenhurst, Ont., in May, '87, last stationed as Financial Special in the Eastern Province, is promoted to G.O. from Newcastle, N.B., on Oct. 15th, 1901.

Promotions—

Caret M. Ridout, St. John's, Nfld., Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Bloomfield.

Cadet S. Morgan, of St. John's, Nfld., Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at St. John's III.

Cadet Newton, Vancouver Shelter, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Appointments—

ADJT. FRAZER, Windsor, N.S., to St. John's I, Nfld., Corps and Training Garrison.

ADJT. McLEAN, St. John's I, Nfld., to Glace Bay Corps and Cape Breton District.

ENSIGN COLLETT, Fargo, N.D., to Rat Portage, Ont.

Marriage—

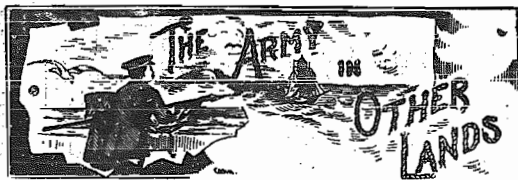
ADJT. MARK NEWMAN, who came out of Twilligate, Nfld., Oct. 23rd, 1890, now stationed at Cornwall, Ont., to Capt. A. Peddie, who came out of Harbor Grace, Nfld., April 26th, '99, last stationed at Newport, Vt., at Cornwall, Ont., on Oct. 14th, '01, by Major Turner.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.



The Need of Laborers.

Again the need for consecrated young lives for the battle's front has been brought home to our hearts. Three promising officers have been suddenly promoted to Glory within a short time. We refer to Capt. Patten, Mrs. Capt. Clark, and Ensign Parker. While we say in humility, "Thy will be done," to the Divine decision, not knowing the way or wherefore, beyond our firm faith that it is best so, yet we cannot help feeling the loss of these faithful comrades, who seemed to have a long career of usefulness before them. Then we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there are gaps created by these losses, which must be filled as quickly as possible. Are there not many young people, healthy and capable, who, for the love of God and man, will throw aside every other prospect in life, for the greatest purpose under heaven; that is, to help God to bring a rebellious world to Himself? Can anyone conceive a grander privilege, a greater honor, a more promising field, and a more glorious reward for a lifetime's toil? Why, then, stand ye idle? Up, comrades, jump into the breach, and offer yourselves for service as officers in the Salvation Army.



GREAT BRITAIN.

The General has had what is generally conceded one of the most wonderful days of his life at Leicester. The new Palace Theatre was used on this occasion, and thronged at each meeting. One hundred and thirty-six souls sought pardon and holiness, among whom were some remarkable cases.

The Chief of the Staff has been very unwell, and confined to his room for a week or so. He is, however, we are glad to say, much better, and able to resume his duties at International Headquarters.

The marriage of Commissioner McKie with a daughter of Germany, and a faithful officer in the Army, was carried out in a manner in every way worthy of the occasion. Not for years has the Congress Hall, at Clapton, presented such a variety of heart-inspiring scenes as it did last Thursday. "The war fret!" was the keynote of every movement. From the time the bride and bridegroom approached the marriage altar, at half-past two in the afternoon, till the service was finished, at 9.30, were the couple fighting for the salvation of sinners. "It was a great day," as Commissioner Cadman emphasized at night, great as an object-lesson to the officers and soldiers present, great in the reward to the devotion of two single lives, and great as fore-shadowing another advance in Australia. The Chief of the Staff pointed out in a friendly gathering of officers between the two meetings, that the Army is gradually fostering among the nations of the earth the spirit of true brotherhood, of which this wedding was by no means the smallest illustration; and, from this standpoint, the marriage of Commissioner McKie is worth noting. Commissioner and Mrs. McKie, who are now on the way to their important command, carry with them the prayers of thousands of their comrades, for their blessing and usefulness in the distant Commonwealth.

Accompanied by Staff-Capt. Tracy, Editor of the Local Officer, Commissioner Nicol spent two days at New Brighton, for the purpose of discovering to what extent the literature of the Army is read by Locals and soldiers. If New Brighton may be taken as an average, the result was satisfactory. The two journalists spent Saturday afternoon in visiting Local Officers at their homes, playing them with searching questions. Saturday night was devoted to an explanation of their visit, and finished with two souls at the Mercy Seat. At knee-drill the Commissioner expounded the Lord's Prayer, and one more caught full salvation. In the morning Staff-Captain Tracy's searching address and the Commissioner's appeal led to thirteen surrenders, among them being one or two backsliders. The interval in the afternoon was devoted to a council on Salvation literature, with sixty Local Officers; very profitable to Editors and others. Locals, to a man, promised to read their own magazine as never before. The attack on sinners and backsliders at night resulted in thirteen for salvation; twenty-eight, in all, for the week-end.

JAPAN.

Colonel Bullard has opened two new corps in Japan. They are Tokyo VII. and Takasaki. The opening meetings were a success, and the future prospects are bright.

Our comrades in Japan have just had their Week of Self-Denial, Oct.

12th to 19th. There are indications of a glorious victory.

Three of the men who, at the instigation of the brothel-keepers, organized and led an attack against the Army in Tokyo (Japan) during its crusade against brotheldom last year, have got converted, and are now working hard as devoted Salvationists.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner Kilbey is again at the Headquarters in Cape Town, after a stirring tour in the Transvaal. Although having been in charge of the South African work for nearly two years, this was the Commissioner's first visit to Johannesburg and the Transvaal, and it has left its impression. Rousing meetings were conducted, and the tour resulted in sixty-nine seeking salvation and holiness.



Commissioner and Mrs. McKie.
Recently married at the Congress Hall, London.

Mrs. Brigadier Rauch, who has been a great sufferer of late, in consequence of blind poisoning, caused by the prick of a pin, is now rapidly recovering.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

The Harvest Festival Campaign in Holland has been on a larger scale than in any previous year. Increases are reported from all parts of the country.

Among the convicts who were captured at the recent opening of a Rotterdam corps was a man who had broken into the quarters and threatened to kill the officers of a neighboring corps. He was well-known as a desperate character, but God quickly set him free.

A gentleman was attracted to the Salle Aubert, Paris, by the singing of the children of the Army Orphanage. He had passed through great trouble. His wife and two children, a short time before, had been burned to death, during his absence from home. Before the meeting closed he found salvation, and now testifies to the fact.

A new wing has been added to the Catherine Booth Hospital, at Nagpur (India). All the additional cots were occupied by patients before the public opening.

Mrs. Brigadier Clibborn, of Italy, is in a very critical condition. Alarming

symptoms have declared themselves. Notwithstanding her great suffering and extreme weakness, she constantly bears witness to the deep peace of God which fills her soul, and her testimony is a great comfort and blessing to those who surround her. Will our comrades pray that God may give to her, and to Brigadier Clibborn, all conquering grace?

Copenhagen's eleventh corps has just been opened, amid much rejoicing. The barracks lie in a thickly-populated district which has hitherto been unworried by the Army.

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

The city of Royan, one of the most fashionable summer resorts, has been visited by the Salvation Army. During the whole season, many officers regularly conducted salvation campaigns, which proved to be rich in heavenly blessing.

Commissioners Booth-Helberg, who are soon to leave France, will conduct great farewell meetings in Paris, Lyons, Nimes, and Bordeaux.

The appointment of Commissioner Ralston to the command of the French Territory has been welcomed with joy by the officers, soldiers, and friends of our work. The Commissioner is well known in France, and his sterling qualities have already won him the affection and love of those who

UNITED STATES

A great salvation campaign has been organized to cover a space of three months. During this time, proposed to materially increase present standing of the Army's work in the United States.

The Field Secretary, Brigadier Miles, is organizing a brigade at National Headquarters, who will be specialising every night for two months.

After a long and painful illness, the death angel has relieved little Archie Holland from his sufferings. We bespeak the sympathy and prayers of comrades throughout the Dominion for Colonel and Mrs. Holland, in their hours of bereavement.

The Harvest Festival has been the best yet known. There are rejoicings all over the Field over spiritual and financial triumphs.

The Consul had somewhat of a setback during the past week, owing to the formation of some painful abscesses, but the doctor is of opinion that the new difficulty is of a temporary character, and while it has been necessary to submit to a slight, though trying, operation, there now seems good reason to hope that she will soon be able to resume a measure, at least, of her responsibilities and activities. The continued weak condition of her heart makes it still necessary that she should, for the present, avoid every unnecessary strain.

Major Kimball's health is, unfortunately, in a condition which prevents him, for a while, doing public work. He is to be relieved of the command of the Northern Pacific Division at once, and will succeed Staff-Captain Connitt, in charge of the Western Insurance Department, at San Francisco. Major Dublin, the General Secretary of Ohio, Kentucky, and Southern Province, succeeds Major Kimball in Portland, Ore.

Brigadier Streeton is better, but his health is so far from satisfactory that the Commander has decided to release him from Divisional work, and he will be farewell from his present command in Southern California before the end of the present month. Staff-Capt. Connitt succeeds the Brigadier, whose appointment will be made known later.

Brigadier Cox is under marbling orders. The Brigadier has worked hard and successfully in building up the Insurance Department, and now he has to leave it in the hands of his successor, whose name will be divulged later, as also will the future appointment of Brigadier Cox.

ITALY.

Mrs. Brigadier P. Clibborn is critically ill. The Crudo di Guerra, in a short notice, says that our loved comrade is getting nearer and nearer the pearly gates.

The Harvest Festival was a marked success.

Some of our officers are meeting much opposition in building up, especially, the police authorities seem to side with the disturbing element.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Brigadier S. Maidment has spent a few weeks visiting the posts under his command. He was warmly welcomed everywhere.

Capt. Bettery, the Captain-explorer, has just completed his exploration tour, having visited the most important part of the country. In his report he is quite sanguine at the excellent opportunities the Army will meet when officers are sent to that far-off territory. The Captain has started on a new trip.

AUSTRALASIA.

Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth, after a very long and trying passage in the R.M.S. Orizaba, which encountered mountainous seas that swept her decks, arrived safely at their home in the bush. They were received with great enthusiasm at the Collic railway station, the Mayor and Town Councillors being on the platform to greet their arrival and welcome them with kindly expressions of pleasure, to which the Commandant replied suitably.

CORPS CORRESPONDENT'S PAGE.



Thank-Offering Meeting.

Brandon.—Since last report we have had some blessed times. On Sunday afternoon we had a Harvest Festival thank-offering meeting, and when Mrs. Ellen Wilm appealed to the people of this place they kindly and liberally donated the sum of \$79. We feel very grateful to God for the way He is helping us. The crowds are increasing and the interest spreading. The week-end meetings were times of blessing. God came very near, and at the wind-up last night there were three in the fountain, and a number of others were convicted, whom we are praying God will believe in. The battle is the Lord's and we are sure to win.—A. S. B.

Gave Her Heart to Jesus.

Comfort Cove.—On Sunday we had a good day. Although our numbers were small, God came very near and blessed us, and at night we had the joy of seeing one precious soul come forward and give her heart to God. We are believing for many more.—A. Newhook, Lieut.

God has Helped us.

Digby, N.S.—H. F. is over and we smashed our target. Although the fighting has been hard, yet God has wonderfully helped and blessed us. We are in for victory through the blood of the Lamb.—H. White, Lieut.

The Voice of Conscience.

Dresden.—The Lord has been blessing the labors of Capt. Jordinson and Lieut. Murray, and souls have been won for Him. Last Sunday night three sinners came to the Cross, and God saved them. On Thursday night we had a special meeting. The officers from Blenheim, Bothwell, and Wallaceburg came to assist, also the Rev. Mr. Morris (Methodist) gave a beautiful address on the voice of conscience, showing us that through obeying the Spirit of God as He speaks to us, we may attain to a higher or purer life. Altogether we had a very pleasant and profitable time, and are believing for greater things in the future.—Slater Mrs. Coe.

Times of Great Blessing.

Fernie, B.C.—Although we are here surrounded with mountains, God is helping us to march forward in His strength. Capt. and Mrs. Jackson are working hard, and have taken a firm hold of the town. We are all pleased with them. God has wonderfully blessed their efforts in this place already, and we have had the joy of seeing souls seeking the Saviour's pardon, who are already, many of them, trying to His saving power, and in the near future will be enrolled as blood-and-fire soldiers. God's Spirit is working amongst the people, and we believe we shall see a break in the devil's ranks before long. Our Harvest Festival was a time of power and victory, and we came off more than conquerors—target of \$120 smashed. Our soldiers, though few in number, worked hard with the officers, and the victory was also well won. The people at Fernie are good at giving, and have a good opinion of the Army work. We pray that God may bless and reward them for their kindness.—Treas. D. McMillan.

Sorry to Lose Them.

Fredericton, N.B.—We can point to another victory, as we have reached our H. F. target. Great praise is due to the workers, who made the most of their chances, and helped to score a success. We have recently sent two brothers into the Field, and we are expecting some more to follow for we are proving that the harvest is great and the laborers are few. Now, comrades, you that feel the call, hurry up, for it will soon be night. We are sorry to hear that Adj. and Mrs. Jennings have orders to farewell. They

have only been with us a few months, and we learned to love them for their work's sake. They have both worked hard and faithfully, and have got things into good shape for a winter's campaign. We will, however, give our new leaders a good welcome, feeling they have been sent of God. We bespeak a good time for Adj. and Mrs. Jennings in the West, although we are sorry to lose them from the East. Our hearts go out in sympathy to Capt. Clark, of Chatham, N.B. (late Captain of this corps) in the loss of his dear wife, who has been promoted to Glory. The Captain has the prayers of the comrades and his many friends of this city.

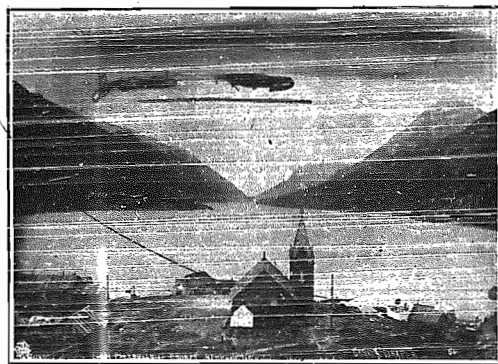
Adventures.

Gannaque.—Harvest Festival is over, and we reached our target only by a great deal of hard work and quite a few adventures. We had to collect around the country, and that meant getting a horse and rig. Capt. Greig, who is in command, and your humble servant didn't know much more about a horse than it knew about us. We

himself in possession of all sorts of ladies' wearing apparel, without hope of joyful disposal, and with the weary question on his lips, "What shall I do with them?" \$43 as a result. God bless the bachelors. Tuesday night, cake and coffee social, well patronized. Wednesday night, Major Southall gave us another lesson in his dexterous methods of manipulating the weapons of salvation warfare. Good! Little higher there, Ned. Now ready—\$150—take aim—fire! Hurrah, hit! H. F. O. K. The rest of the week, fighting brisk, no prisoners taken, though the boys are doing some fair shooting. The Captain is getting them well under drill, and is beginning to talk of a general assault. Look out, old devil!—Buckska Brady.

Cottage Meetings a Blessing.

Kinmount.—We are glad to report victory. The four cottage meetings led by Capt. Meeks, and three led by the Lieutenant in Kinmount, proved to be a great blessing to the people. The crowds and interest are increasing.—G. E. Williams, Cadet-Lieut.



First Presbyterian Church, Bennett, B. C.

got in one village where we couldn't succeed in getting anyone to tie it for us, and the former took care of the poor animal who's the latter collected. We got there just the same. God is with us, and we are in for victory. Through Christ we shall conquer.—Newell, for Crego.

Believing for Great Things.

Geoseberry Island.—Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. From early morning, at knee-drill, until the close of the meeting at night, the power of God was felt in our midst, and conviction was stamped upon the hearts of many. Although none yielded to the strivings of God's Spirit, yet we have every reason to believe that before long there will be a big smash in the enemy's ranks, as God is working mightily on the hearts of the unwaved. Our H. F. effort is a thing of the past, and we have gone over our target. We are going in to accomplish greater things for God in the future.—Ethel Ledrew, Lieut.

Hopeless Bachelors.

Grand Forks, N.D.—Doin' a land of ice business down here this week. Last Monday night was Harvest Festival auction, and Dr. Church did the cry in such a delightful way that bids ran together from all parts of the hall, like drives of wild horses forming for a stampede. Hopeless bachelors, driven to rashness by the excitement, ran blazers on each other, till at the close more than one found

times, with souls in the fountain, and others seeking holiness. In a recent holiness meeting six souls knelt before God seeking holiness. At the next meeting, on Saturday evening, another soul sought salvation. On Sunday we prayed and pleaded with God on behalf of sinners, and in the evening meeting rejoiced over five souls at the penitent form pouring out their souls to God for salvation. We finished up with a march around the hall, praising God for victory.—A. French.

Loss and Gain.

Pictou.—Last Tuesday night we had a few specials—Major Turner, P. O.; Capt. Poole, G. B. M. Agent, and Capt. L. Wilson, from Trenton. The meeting was a success. Capt. Poole sang and testified to God's saving and keeping power, while Capt. Wilson, for the first time, testified in Pictou. She spoke very kindly of Ensign and Mrs. Pugh, having been stationed with them. The Major's subject was "Loss and Gain," which he handled well. We believe a work was done, although none yielded. Ensign Pugh is improving. May God's healing hand be laid upon him. H. F. sale on Monday night was a success.—Lillie Dawson.

Successful Wind-Up.

Paraboro, N.S.—Our Harvest Festival has indeed been a success. We not only reached our target, but passed it, breaking the record of anything raised here before for Harvest Festival. The people gave liberally, the comrades worked willingly, and the Juniors did nobly, which enabled us to wind up successfully.—Capt. and Mrs. Bowring.

Many Blessings.

Regina.—Since you last heard from this place God has blessed and helped us in many ways. H. F. target has been smashed, four raw Local Officers commissioned, and two souls saved. Lieut. Oxenrider, who has been in the hospital for the past month with typhoid fever, is doing nicely, and we hope, ere long, he will be back to the battle's front. Capt. Gamble, who has been helping push the old chariot along in this place, leaves to-day to start on his magic lantern tour.—Capt. C. J. Scott.

Captured from the World.

Revelstoke, B.C.—Revelstoke dead? Well, I guess not. Since Capt. and Mrs. Brown took charge we have been having glorious times. They are the right officers in the right place. They had not been here more than two weeks before they captured a sinner from the midst of the world. On Sunday soldiers were seen, and Cadet Lewis (the sister mentioned above) fared well. After a hard fight on our knees, we closed with one soul at the penitent form crying for mercy. Now it is right to confess, and promise to be blood-and-fire soldiers. We feel proud to send a Cadet from our corps, and look for great things from her. Soldiers are coming in from the hills, and we expect to make the devil shake before the winter is over. Hurrah for Revelstoke!—Happy Yankers.

Nine Seeking God.

Seal Cove.—Although you have not heard from us for some time, yet we have not been idle. We have been begging away at the enemy, and God has been blessing and saving our labors. Since coming here we have had the joy of seeing six process conversion, and three sanctification. We have painted the walls and roof of the barracks stable, collected \$13 to put a fence around the cemetery, and lastly, but not least, we have hit our Harvest Festival target, and gone a little over. On the whole, we are having the victory.—R. Bowring, Lieut.

Large Open-Air Crowds.

Lewistown.—People from several towns are attending the Lewistown Fair. We have splendid open-air meetings, large crowds gathering around us to hear of Jesus' wondrous love. We trust that some seed will fall on good ground and bring forth good fruit. We are praying that God will pour greater blessings upon us and save many souls.—Wallace Sumpter.

A Government Official Saved.

Orillia.—On Monday, Oct. 7th, at the farwell of the Red-Hot Revivalists, a dozen recruits were enrolled. God bless them. After the meeting was over, cake and coffee were passed around. On Tuesday, Brigadier Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Manton left for Toronto. On Sunday another backslider returned to God, and went home rejoicing in a new-found Saviour. God is working in Orillia, we are looking forward to a great victory. Last week a gentleman who speaks several languages, and was once a city newspaper reporter, and now a Government official, after listening to the open-air, followed to the barracks and knelt at the cross, crying bitterly for a past life of sin. Although he has left to travel many miles from here, he has promised to stand firm.—M. J. Langridge, Cadet-Lieut.

Twelve at the Mercy Seat.

Ottawa.—During the past fortnight we have had some real soul-refreshing

HITTING THE TRAIL IN ALASKA.

The H. F. Journey of Capt. Long, of Skagway.

Traveling in these parts has a charm that cannot easily be described. One lady appropriately termed it a beautiful part of the world.

At this time of the year the mountains wear a beautiful robe of yellow, red, and green, and headgear of white. (This headgear, snow, keeps coming farther and farther down, and on it people keep their "weather eye," for it tells of cold days and nights, and "mushing" over the ice, instead of sailing along in a steamer.) Intertwined are lakes and rivers, which puzzles one to know from whence they come and whither they go. This, combined with the kindness shown me by many of the people (ministers and families especially), inclines me to give my trip for H. F. the twin name of a pleasure trip.

Of course, my friend, the War Cry, accompanied me on this trip, and was quite warmly received by a good many. As I passed in and around tents and houses, I heard the Salvation Army spoken of a number of times in no unfriendly tone.

Hats were lifted and faces brightened at the sight of the uniform.

One man seemed quite agitated at the sight of it, and gave me to understand he was an Army backslider.

At Bennett, Rev. Mr. Russell (Presbyterian) kindly loaned his church for a meeting. Three of our soldiers, who are working on the railroad, assisted in the meeting. One was saved last winter, in Skagway, and is proving God is abundantly able to keep.

I was billeted, in Cariboo, my next stopping-place, at Bishop Bonpas (Episcopalian). The Bishop has been in the north for about forty years, working mostly among the natives, and is yet a wonder for his age. He seems not to have the least desire to retire from his work, or even to go to a more settled country, where he and his aged wife might have more comforts.

Oh, ye young and able-bodied, who ought to be in the field, what are you gaining by staying away?

White Horse came next, where I was made to feel very much at home with the Episcopalian clergyman and wife.

Saturday night, a Methodist minister, on his way to Dawson, assisted in an open-air.

Sunday, the Methodist minister, Comrade Horne (on his way to Dawson), and myself held two open-air, and two inside meetings in the back of a saloon.

God bless that saloon-keeper. Many



Davidson Glacier, Alaska.

a professing Christian could learn a lesson from him in generosity and friendliness.

From here back to Cariboo, a round trip to Atlin and Discovery, then home, sweet home. While the train stopped for a few minutes at Camp One, I fitted a small form—of course, well filled with love and goodness—and as my heart welled up, I said to myself, "Blessing Gooding." All along the line the Union Jack as well as the Stars and Stripes were at half-mast in honor of the dead President, and a memorial service was held Sunday night at the Episcopal Church in White Horse.

Did I succeed financially? Yes.—J. E. Long, Capt.

The Lieutenant Farewells.

North Sydney, C.B.—After having had quite a stay with us, Lieut. Harding left this morning, and carried with her many a "God bless you," from Salvationists and friends who attend Salvation Army meetings. May God bless her and keep her true.—Treas.

Lanterns and Torches.

Doting Cove.—Although our barracks has been closed about three weeks, on account of diphtheria being in the place, we are still on the battle field. Saturday night we had a big march and open-air. This being our first march at night, the long row of lanterns and torches attracted a large crowd. We had a blessed time. The boys enjoyed throwing coppers on the head of the little drum and making it rattle. On Sunday we had blessed



Camp Life in the Klondike.

meetings. Although it was a little stormy, we had three open-airs. When it got too cold to stand in the open-air at night we closed up with a monster march around the whole place. Some got the glory, and felt like staying all night.—A. C. T., C. O.

Nine Months' Hard Labor.

Summerside, P. E. I.—What's the matter with the S. A. at Summerside? It's all right! The Captain returned

from a much-needed rest, pitch into H. F., and assisted Lieut. and faithful soldier, ing our target of \$60 all to Hallelujah! Captain Anderson, Lieut. Chandler, after laboring fully here for nine months, farewelled last Sunday. We had good meetings all day, but especially at night, when the officers said farewell to a large crowd of people, and two brothers farewelled to sin. Special mention should be made of the duet, "When the roll is called up yonder," by Bro. and Sister Mutart. Our officers leave us with the good-will and love of the soldiers and people of Summerside. The Lord has made them a blessing to us, and we pray that He may continue to bless them wherever they go.—Philo.

Transplanted.

St. Johnsbury.—We are still pushing on, all the time looking forward to new conflicts and victories. There are times when we seem to be just holding the fort, and do not win souls from the ranks of the enemy as much as we should like, but even in such

times we are training and preparing for successful work in soul-winning later on. Since our last report the six-months-old daughter of Bro. and Sister Porter has been transplanted from this world of sin to that where all is peaceful, bright, and fair. Death comes to us all, the young and old. The Lord help us all to be ready.—W. C. R.

A Good Week's Program.

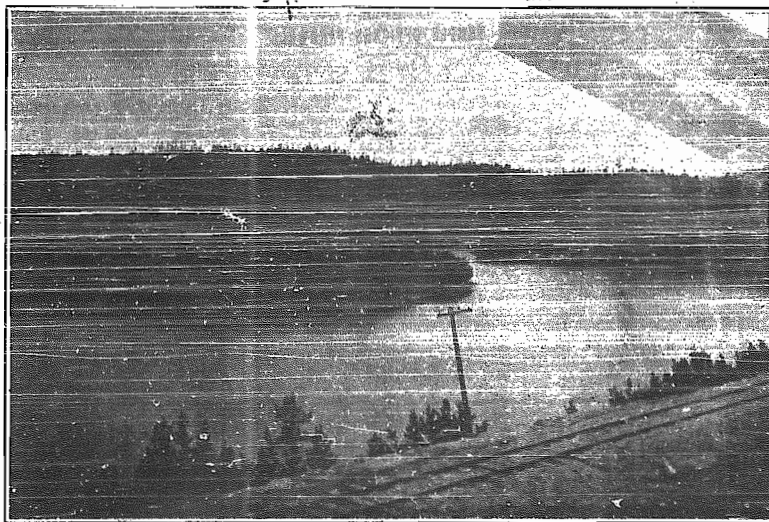
St. George's, Ber.—We have had some good times during Harvest Festival week. Capt. Clark has arranged a good week's program, and the people came in large numbers to all the meetings. We had a musical blizzard on Monday night. The string band was strengthened by some visiting comrades, and played some good music. Capt. Clark gave an interesting Bible talk, which was enjoyed by all present. On Wednesday, we had a soldiers' harvest meeting, when special singing was rendered by the different companies. On Thursday, we had as the view of the Klondike can be seen at a distance of twenty-five miles, and the view from its peak presents a panorama of over 100 miles of a sea of mountains, showing the Selkirk in the distance.—W. W. Lacey, Capt.

CONTROVERSY.

Controversy leads but few to the apprehension of the truth. If it does lead any, it is by some accident, some over-riding of evil by Divine goodness, and in spite of its own inherent tendencies.

"Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give self. Give love, give tears, and give thyself. Give, give, be always giving. Who gives not is not living."

"The apostles were men who had been brought to an utter self-despair, men who had lost all, and who were ready to receive all from God in return."



Lake Ruth, Yukon District.

FAREWELL

Adj. and Mrs. McLean Say Good-bye to Newfoundland—Citadel Packed—A Successful Term.

Sunday was the day appointed for the farewell of Adj. and Mrs. McLean. After laboring in our midst for almost eighteen months, the soldiers and friends had learned to love them, and many wished they could stay with us a little longer; but we, like good soldiers, and they, like good officers, must obey orders.

In the afternoon meeting Mrs. McLean spoke on the experience of Paul and Silas in prison. She brought out some beautiful points, the people drank in every word, and we believe much good was done.

The meeting at 7 p.m. was the crowning event. As usual have been there. The Citadel was packed to the doors—the people were almost as close together as sardines in a can. Nearly one thousand people were present. After the usual songs and solos had been sung, Mrs. McLean gave her fare-well address. She said she was glad to be able to say that she came into St. John's a soldier and she was one still. She had learned to love the soldiers and people of Newfoundland and had been dreading the thought of farewell.

The Adjutant thanked God for the success he has had while in our midst. He had seen a great number of souls kneel at the Mercy Seat for pardon, many of whom had been made into blood-and-fire soldiers. He thanked the people for the way they had rallied to his help. He had been able to make some important improvements in the Citadel, and altogether he had put in a successful term in Newfoundland.

We closed the Sunday's meetings with eight souls in the fountain. May God bless the Adjutant and Mrs. McLean in their new appointments.—One Who was There.

HINDOO MEETING AT RIVERSIDE.

It had been announced that Capt. and Mrs. Stolliker would conduct special Hindoo services for the Sunday, at Riverside. In the afternoon quite a nice crowd was present, and the Captain gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the Hindoo work in general.

At night the hall was crowded with a very attentive audience, who took very eagerly the interesting things which the Captain described so ably. He also spoke of the good work the S. A. is doing among the Hindoos. We were all much pleased with the Captain's address, and we are sure that his words were a blessing and inspiration to many. We thank God for one precious soul, which was the result of the day's meetings.—A Visitor.

KINGSTON GLEANERS.

We have had our Harvest Festival effort in Kingston. It was at these services the string band was introduced, which has just been organized.

They did excellent service. Mrs. Thompson has the responsibility of leadership, and Sister Katie Allen, Mrs. Cleenahan, Mrs. Downey, and Bro. Wm. Christmas complete the membership.

On Monday evening the "Weary Gleaner" was enacted. Mrs. Thompson representing the master of the vineyard, Sister K. Allen was the gatherer of stubble, Mrs. Cleenahan represented the gleaner of flowers, and Mrs. Countryman the golden sheaves, and she certainly had an air of business befitting her part. We had a great sale afterwards; there was a large quantity of goods to be disposed of, and the friends came prepared to give good value for the same. The amount raised exceeded our expectations. Our target was \$225. Of course we hit it. Good for Kingston!

Capt. Fanny Randall came in from her corps (Picton) on Saturday, Oct. 5th, to go to the hospital, where she lies at present, very ill with typhoid fever. Please pray for her.

Our officers, Adj. and Mrs. Moore, have orders to farewell on Sunday, Oct. 5th. They have labored here for over ten months, but they are soldiers, and go where they are sent, and we prepare ourselves to give a loyal welcome to the new officers whoever they may be.—M.

Kingston (Ont.) Gleaners—A Harvest Festival Group.



1. Mrs. Countryman. 2. Mrs. Thompson. 3. Sister K. Allen. 4. Mrs. Cleenahan.

The Staff Band.

Lippincott St. Corps fell in for a treat last Sunday, when it was visited by Brigadier Gaskin and the Staff Band. The music and staging were much appreciated by the corps, and by the people who attended the different meetings. We were favored with fine weather, and the visit of the band was pronounced to be the best on record in many respects. As to the Brigadier, many felt that he was delivering a heaven-sent message. He spoke with great power, especially at night. Mrs. Gaskin assisted the Brigadier. Two souls knelt at the penitential hour in the holiness meeting, and several held up their hands for prayer. The finances were greatly increased. We untidely say, "Come again."—A. Goodwin.

Merrickville Outpost.—Allow me the space in your paper, which I have read so many times, and is so pleasing to those who have bought it. I have seen the S. A. in so many different places that I was pleased to learn that the S. A. had started an outpost here. I was at a very successful meeting on Monday evening, October 6th, that I thought I would write to let you know what the town people think of the Army. I have heard a good many say that they believe the Army will do a lot of good to our people, and may I be the first. I must state that we were all pleasantly surprised when the officer came up from Komptville. Adj. Newman, of Cornwall, came with them, and took charge of the meeting, and did much to point the sinner to the cross of Christ and to the way of salvation.—Yours very truly, An Unsung Man.

Lecture on India.

Riverside.—We had a beautiful time on Sunday. Capt. Stolliker gave us a lecture on India, which was enjoyed very much. Two of our comrades farewelled. We were sorry to part with them, but pray that God will bless them.—Corps-Cadet McCarney.

The French Work.

Somerset, Ber.—On Saturday night, and all day Sunday, we had with us Miss Lightbourne, from the city, to help in our meetings. She is a nice singer, also a very good speaker. The power of the Holy Ghost was felt in our midst. On Monday night, Adj. Graham, the D. O., gave a lecture in the Methodist Church, which had been kindly lent by the committee for the occasion. The title of the lecture was, "Seven Years in the French Work." It was very well enjoyed by those who were present.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

An Army Wedding.

St. John's I.—We are still having good times at St. John's I. Souls are being saved weekly, new soldiers are being enrolled monthly, and the good work is rolling on. One of our hands-men, Geo. Pippie, has taken unto himself a wife, in the person of Ex-Capt.

OVER JORDAN.

MOTHER PILFERY GONE HOME.



Strathroy.—We regret the loss of our dear comrade, Mother Pilfery, who has been promoted to Glory, but oh! loss will be heaven's gain. She was a soldier for sixteen years, and a mother to our corps. She always gave a welcome to the people of God to her home. She was called very suddenly to meet God, but He doeth all things well. On Friday she was driving around town with her horse and buggy; on Saturday morning she worked around the home, and was singing that grand old song, "Over Jordan." At noon she ate a good hearty dinner. After dinner she was getting ready to go and visit her sister, when God came and called her to be with Himself. Although she had not one moment to speak to her loved ones, yet we believe, through her godly life, she will live for ever in our minds. The last testimony that she gave in the barracks was that she was nicely saved. The funeral took place on Sept. 30th, when her body was carried to its last resting-place. A large crowd attended the funeral to pay their last respects to our dear comrade.

At the memorial service the following Sunday night, Mrs. Pilfery, our late comrade's son, put to one side, for the moment, his feelings, and bore testimony to the godly life of his dear mother. It was very touching, and we pray that it may be the means of bringing others of the family to their mother's God. The bereaved ones have our prayers and sympathy. May God bless and comfort them.—Capt. Cooy.

"MEET ME IN HEAVEN."

A true and faithful soldier of the Bonavista corps, Mrs. Little, the wife of our Treasurer, has been called up higher. For some months she has been a great sufferer, but she was never heard to murmur or complain, and although she had to leave her dear children, and husband, and kind friends, she was ready to go to bed with Jesus, which is far better. Her last message was, "Tell my comrades to fight on and meet me in heaven. I am only waiting for the Master to come and take me home." Her funeral took place on Sunday afternoon. Eighty-five soldiers marched in silence to her home, and hundreds followed to the barracks, where the service was largely attended. It is said there were one thousand people in and around the hall.

At the memorial service God wonderfully upheld our bereaved brother, as he told of his wife's faithful life and victorious death, and she soon came back to the fold. We believe that through these services life and salvation will come to many dead souls.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—A. Borne, Adj.

Ensign (Dr.) Turner has had an interview with the Maharajah of Travancore in regard to our Indian Medical Work. He was cordially received. The Maharajah, moreover, consented to become a patron of the hospital and a subscriber to its funds.

Sister Ina Groom, of Blenheim.



Who collected \$31 for the Blenheim Barracks, Making Her the Champion Collector. She says, after Nine Years' Experience, She Means to Press Onward.

TEMPLE OFFICERS FAREWELL.

Stirring times were experienced at the Temple this week-end. Adj. and Mrs. Wakefield and Captain Cornish farewelled, after a few months' sojourn amongst us. The meetings last Sunday were very successful. The Adjutant's splendid talk in the morning was on "Love." The operators and members, in point of interest and attendance, were really immense, the band turned out in full force, and rendered efficient service at all the meetings. One soul sought entire deliverance in the morning. Although no one yielded during the remainder of the day, several were under deep conviction. One young man, present at the night meeting, used to be a handman in one of our West Ontario stables, but would not yield; however, we are believing for him, feeling sure that he will return to the fold ere long. There are several others under deep conviction also.

Sincere regret was expressed on all sides at the sudden and unexpected farewell of the officers after so short a stay at the corps. We hope the Adjutant and Mrs. Wakefield's health will be better in their next command. We all join in wishing our departing comrades every blessing in the future. They have been the means of much and lasting good being done during their stay at the Temple. God bless them much.—S. W. McCrack.

The Chief Secretary's

NORTHERN TRIP

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs Receive a Hearty Welcome at Barrie and Collingwood—A Successful Church Meeting—Visit too Short.

The Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs spent the week-end in Barrie. Of course, the weather on Saturday was anything but favorable for a good crowd, but a good number came through the rain and darkness and were much pleased by the Colonel's Bible lesson and general remarks.

On Sunday morning the Colonel was on hand and conducted a very profitable service.

At 10.30 a.m. Mrs. Jacobs addressed the children of the Company meeting, which the children greatly appreciated. The Juniors of Barrie know how to welcome a visitor when they desire to see and hear. The Juniors all say, "Come again, Mrs. Jacobs."

The Colonel, in the holiness meeting, gave a beautiful Bible lesson on the life of Moses, picturing the three different stages of his life. He poured forth burning truths into our hearts which undoubtedly will be productive of much good.

After an open-air service in the afternoon, the indoor meeting opened with a good old song from the song book, after which Mrs. Colonel Jacobs led a lively testimony meeting, when several spoke of God's power to save and keep. There was no waiting. Everyone seemed to be ready. Mrs. Jacobs spoke very forcibly of God's goodness and His power to save. Then the Colonel, in his usual interesting manner, gave another Bible lesson from Luke 12, showing how many people of to-day lose their salvation in a careless manner. All who were present felt God very near, and learned some beautiful lessons from the Colonel's teaching.

After a splendid open-air service at night, in front of the Barrie Hotel, we marched to our barracks full of faith for a good meeting. The Colonel was announced, by posters, doggers, and the local press, etc., to speak on the subject, "A Painted Lady," which announcements had drawn a fine crowd, and what the people heard was said in such a manner, and with such holy zeal, that they will not soon forget it. Adj. Burrows, after Mrs. Jacobs' solo and address, read the verses of Scripture which the Colonel had chosen, and then the Colonel, for some thirty minutes, or more, handled his subject in a masterly manner, relating the experience of the "Painted Lady" and her husband. One Junior sought and found salvation at the close of the meeting. Others were under conviction, but would not yield. In all, the visit of Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs proved a great blessing.—Adj. Burrows.

Do you like Collingwood? Is the question often asked me. I will now give a few reasons why, as a soldier or a Salvationist, I do.

During the last two weeks we have had times of great blessing. Two precious souls have been won the way of sin, who were praising God the following night in the open-air, and attended the 7 a.m. knee-drawl on Sunday morning, and the marches all day.

On Monday Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs favored us with a visit.

Our Methodist friends kindly loaned us their church for this meeting. A splendid audience and a hearty welcome from Bro. Brown, who made us feel quite at home. Mayor Silver was delighted to have this opportunity of presiding as chairman, and spoke kind words of welcome to the Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. He also was high in his praise of the good work done by the Army. He said Collingwood was an enterprising town, and was rapidly growing, and the Salvation Army was truly needed to help make bad people good. The God we serve is able to do this.

The Colonel's subject, "Too High and Too Low," was a masterpiece, and was highly appreciated. Straight truths were what we needed. Mrs. Jacobs' Scotch solo, "Ye're a welcome home," was especially enjoyed.

An English lad said, at his work,

the next day, though in a strange land, they were all welcome home.

Adj. Burrows, Capt. Fleher, and Lieut. Jago were present also. The visit was too short. "Can you not stay a week or two?" was the united cry. The collection amounted to \$12. No need for Collingwood. Our target broken—also \$18 debt cleared off goes to show we have good, practical friends.

After six months' fighting and keeping at it, we were much encouraged. The devil is being defeated and God glorified. Hallelujah!—Mrs. Captain Hanna.

The Red-hot Revivalists AT GALT.

Our special revival services held at Galt are, in some ways, "the last of their kind." Great interest has been manifested, and congregations have largely increased, as the under-mentioned figures will show.

The Town

is a thriving place, of nearly 9,000 population, and is largely comprised of people of Scotch descent. It can boast of 25 factories in full blast, so that no one need be idle. The town is a hive of industry. It possesses the only pin factory in the Dominion. There are three railways, and one electric railway which connects the town with Preston and Hespeler.

The Corps

can boast of about 40 soldiers, composed of intelligent, hard-working folks, who have the respect of the townspeople. They turned out enthusiastically to the training and open-air, and fought hard with us for souls. One soldier came six and a-half miles to knee-drawl.

The Band

is not the largest—can only boast of about ten pieces—but they play well. Since its formation, twelve years ago, it has never been disorganized. They were out to every open-air meeting and filled the streets with their lovely music. What a blessing if every band in the Dominion would follow suit.

The Meetings.

The following will give some idea of the work accomplished, and we trust the end is not yet:

Number sought pardon, 15.
Number sought the blessing, 8.

To be reinstated and put on recruits' roll, 15.

1,750 persons attended the services, being 1,200 more than the usual.

275 soldiers attended the open-air, being 150 more than the average.

The finances were excellent, being about \$40 above the average, over \$50 being the average total.

The Enrolment.

To-night the enrolment will take place, when about 15 will stand 'neath the dear old flag all told—some to be reinstated as soldiers and others to go on the recruits' roll. Oh, that they may be kept in the fighting line and faithful to the very end!

A Special Case.

We had some lovely cases of conversion, one of which I will quote: S. has been a soldier for over two years, and had been drinking heavily, and recently, in one way or another, had squandered about \$100. While lying on his bed drunk, he heard the words of the Lord, put on his clothes, and came down to the barracks, hardly knowing how he got there. The now-popular backsliders' song was sung, "Take me home again," and S. was pleased with it. He returned to Christ, but did not come; the meeting was closed. S. came forward and asked for the song to be sung again, and it was sung and sung until nearly midnight. S. was seen with clenched fists, hewing himself at the Mercy Seat with a poor, broken heart. Pardon was given, and S. is now a candidate for soldiery and will to-night be standing 'neath the colors he, for years, fought under.

The Officers.

Ensign Hollett and Lieut. Crafts, have treated us with the utmost kindness and consideration. They are now under untrawled orders. May the Lord give them a good wind-up. Adjutant

Orchard was my A.D.C. pro tem; although an old bachelor, he does not seem to mind it. Perhaps brighter days are in store for him on that line. Who can tell? Anyhow, he loves God and souls, and is an old veteran on the battlefield.—J. S. Pugmire, Brigadier.

Ensign Parker Crowned.

Beyond the telegraphed statement of Ensign Parker's death on Oct. 15th, we have not been able to obtain any details of his last moments. He had been ill with typhoid fever for some time, but his end, apparently, was not expected.



Ensign Joe Parker.

Our departed comrade was converted at Gravenhurst, where he was a soldier of the local corps, and entered the Field as Cadet, at Perth, in May, 1887, over fourteen years ago. After four stations—for in the early days changes of appointment were frequent—he was promoted to the rank of Captain, in August, 1888, and sent in charge of Seeley's Bay. From that time until October, 1897, he held twenty-four appointments in Central and East Ontario. He received his promotion to the rank of Ensign then, and continued in charge of Quebec corps and Shelter with much success.

In January, 1899, he was appointed G. B. M. Agent for Eastern Ontario and Quebec, and in this position he was very happy. He could conduct a very interesting lantern service, or any other meeting, and his visits were looked forward to with pleasure by the Field Officers. Only last January he went to the Eastern Province in the same capacity, and, with energy, set himself to the extension of the G. B. M. interests in the Maritime country.

Ensign Parker was a frequent contributor to the War Cry. He wrote, occasionally, articles, and was very regular with the reports of his travels. His accounts, as "Movin' Mike," will be remembered as original and interesting, as well as instructive. We miss in him a faithful, devoted comrade, full of sympathy with every need, one possessing a large heart. His influence was always for right counsel, and his memory will be treasured by all who knew him.—F.

The Funeral at Gravenhurst.

On Friday, Oct. 18th, the remains of the late Ensign Parker arrived at the G.T.R. Station, 1.35 p.m., accompanied by Messrs. Williams, who conducted the funeral service at the cemetery. A large crowd was present.

After the service the aged father thanked the Army sincerely for the practical sympathy manifested to him and his family. He said the officials of the S. A. vindicated their practical love and sympathy in sending Major Collier all the way from Toronto, to convey the news to him.

The memorial service was conducted by Ensign Williams on Sunday, Oct. 20th, and was an impressive one. The speaker handled his subject in a splendid manner: it was "Three voices"—the Voice that called him from nature's darkness into the glorious light of God's Son, the Voice that called him to be an officer, and the Voice that called him from the battle's blazing heat to the realms of the blest. We believe that all present were brought into a closer touch with God and each other.—L. G. Fynn, Capt.

ANOTHER LINK TO

Another gone
To swell the ransomed throng
Around God's throne.

A pure white soul,
As bent submissive will
To God's control.

A soldier brave,
Who fought God's battles well,
And lived to save.

A loyal heart,
Who held the standard high,
And did his part.

A comrade true,
Who, off in conflict fierce,
Helped others through.

A quiet mind,
Well-attuned with careful thought,
And, withal, kind.

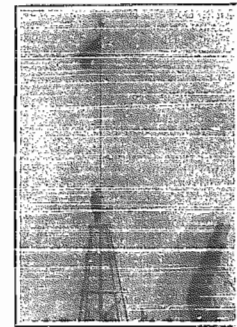
A spirit meek,
Loving no upper place,
Nor did it seek.

A valued friend—
Another link to heaven,
Whither we bend.

—Emily Bradley.

THE HIGHEST YET.

The Rossland corps of the Salvation Army has the distinction of having hoisted the Army colors at a higher altitude than has ever before been reached on British soil. On Monday Capt. Lacey, local commandant, climbed to the peak of Mount Roberts, and hoisted from the top of the 65-foot flagstaff the Army standard. The flag was photographed in this position and then brought back to the city. Capt. Lacey is confident that the Army colors has never been hoisted at a higher point anywhere in the British Empire, but believes that in Switzerland the flag may have been raised on a higher peak, as the organization has a corps or two located in villages in the Alps.—Local Paper.



The Highest Yet.

The flagstaff on Mount Roberts is 65 ft. high, at an elevation of 6,500 ft. above the sea, and 3,100 above the city of Rossland, four miles distant as the crows fly. The mountain can be seen at a distance of twenty-five miles, and the view from its peak presents a panorama of over 100 miles of a sea of mountains, showing the Selkirk in the distance.—W. W. Lacey, Capt.

CONTROVERSY

Controversy leads but few to the apprehension of the truth. If it does lead any, it is by some accident, some over-ruling of evil by Divine goodness, and in spite of its own inherent tendencies.

"Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give gift.
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not is not living."

"The apostles were men who had been brought to an utter self-despair, men who had lost all, and who were ready to receive all from God in return."

Competition and Honor Roll of War Cry Hustlers



Don't forget the challenge of Bro. Preston, Spokane, which begins with the sales of this issue. This applies to the boomers of the Pacific, Northwest, and Newfoundland Provinces only.

Sister Currell evidently became apprehensive of the keen competition of close rivals, and sends in 300 sales this week; this assures her supremacy for another week. Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray again returns 280 sales. Well done!

Lieut. White, of the East, keeps her lead in the East with 250, but is closely followed by Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, who sold 230 Crys the same week.

Bro. Preston is sure of victory, although the leader of his Province is at present, C.C. Robinson, of Rossland. Lieut. Long, of Skagway, leads in the challenged territory, with 166.

The Eastern Province has just kept above the 100 mark since the West Ontario leads the Ontario Provinces easily, since E. O. has only 68 and C. O. only 64 hustlers, both of the latter being much below the mark. The North-West nearly comes up to these two Provinces, and may yet do so with a little exertion.

Eastern Province.

101 Hustlers.

Lieut. White, Fredericton	250
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I.	230
Mrs. Casbin, Halifax I.	180
Capt. Prince, Hamilton	186
Lieut. Harding, N. Sydney	180
S. M. McQueen, N. Sydney	160
Lieut. Long, Sydney	138
Lieut. Redmond, Sydney	122
Lieut. Vandine, Truro	120
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	120
Lieut. March, Yarmouth	100
Capt. Taylor, Sussex	90
Lieut. McLaren, Chatham	90
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	90
Capt. F. Clark, St. George's	80
Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	80
Lieut. B. Murdoch, Stellarton	75
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	75
Cadet Nugent, Yarmouth	67
Capt. J. Green, New Glasgow	65
Ensign Allan, Woodstock	60
Lieut. Clark, St. Stephen	60
Capt. Martin, St. Stephen	60
Lieut. White, St. John II.	58
Cadet Parsons, Yarmouth	58
Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, Windsor	57
P. S. M. Peckwood, St. George's	56
Capt. Hamilton, New Glasgow	55
Capt. Armstrong, St. John V.	52
S.-M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
W. Legge, Glace Bay	50
Lieut. White, Digby	50
Lieut. Cullen, Carleton	50
Capt. Hudson, Carleton	50
Lieut. Duncan, Eastport	50
Capt. Payne, Somerset	50
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	50
Lieut. Holden, Westville	50
Capt. Greenland, Amherst	50
Lieut. Butler, Amherst	50
Capt. Ryan, Bear River	50
Lieut. Gaves, Springhill	50
Cadet Moore, Yarmouth	50
Capt. Thompson, New Glasgow	50
Bro. Reid, St. John	45
Capt. Brown, Annapolis	45
Capt. Kirk, Charlottetown	45
Ensign Sabine, Charlottetown	45
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	45
Ad. Adams, St. John I.	45
Bro. Reid, St. John	45
Lieut. McDonald, Bridgetown	47
Capt. Andrews, Truro	47
Capt. Tatem, Canning	45
Capt. Forey, Liverpool	45
Capt. McWilliams, Lunenburg	45
Mrs. W. Rae, Glace Bay	45
Capt. Davis, Sydney Mines	45
Lieut. Lebars, Houlton	45
Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	45
Capt. Thompson, New Glasgow	45
Sergt. Thompson, Charlottetown	45
Bro. Smith, Glace Bay	40

Adjt. Byers, Springhill	40
Capt. B. Green, Sackville	40
Sergt. Kelly, St. George's	40
W. Williams, Moncton	40
Sergt. Place, Hamilton	40
P. S. McKenzie, New Glasgow	40
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	40
Bro. Wilson, Woodstock	35
Ensign L. Larder, Halifax II.	35
M. Gange, North Sydney	35
Sergt. Chantler, Summerside	35
Capt. Melkie, Kentville	30
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	30
Capt. N. Smith, North Head	30
S. Holden, Windsor	27
Ensign Parsons, St. John III.	25
Ad. Driscoll, Windsor	25
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	25
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
Capt. Pemberton, Hillsboro	25
C. Rice, Digby	25
Sergt. Egan, Chatham	25
Capt. J. Wilson, Bridgetown	25
Capt. J. W. Clark, Chatham	20
M. McKay, Springhill	20
Bro. Hallett, Hampton	20
C. G. Astill, St. George's	20
Lieut. Chandler, Summerside	20
C. C. McKenzie, New Glasgow	20
Capt. Leadley, Clark's Harbor	20
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	20
Mrs. Malley, Hamilton	20
Mrs. White, Hamilton	20
Capt. Urquhart, P. S. M.	20
Lena Lake, Windsor	20
Capt. Lamont, Southampton	20
Cadet Brace, Sussex	20
M. Myles, Kentville	20
Ensign Knight, Dartmouth	20

West Ontario Province.

87 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, London	250
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Berlin	150
Capt. Hockin, Chatham	110
Lieut. Stickells, Leamington	105
Capt. Massey, Godfrey	105
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	105
Ensign Scott, Sarnia	87
Capt. Fyfe, Listowel	80
Emma McDougall, Goderich	80
Corps Cadet Norcross, Clinton	80
Mrs. Bateman, Stratford	75
Sister Lindsay, Stratford	75
Lieut. Craft, Galt	75
Ensign Holt, Galt	75
Ensign Hellman, Windsor	70
Capt. Garvie, Windsor	70
Mrs. Ensign Slote, Stratford	70
Cadet Talbot, Seaforth	65
Capt. Barber, Paris	65
Mrs. Allen, Mitchell	65
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	60
Mrs. Capt. G. A. Brown	60
P. S. M. Dixon, St. Thomas	60
Mrs. Capt. Burton, St. Thomas	60
Capt. Bonny, Norwich	60
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Ridgeway	60
Capt. Wile, Woodstock	60
Lieut. Ellis, Tilsonburg	60
Ensign Slote, Stratford	60
Lieut. Allen, Hespeler	60
Lieut. Fennacy, Blenheim	60
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	60
Fred Palmer, Woodstock	60
Lieut. Martin, Watford	60
Capt. Plant, Drayton	60
Capt. Yeomans, Wallaceburg	60
Capt. Williams, Palmerston	60
Lieut. West, Palmerston	60
Capt. Huntington, Ridgeway	60
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	60
Lieut. Bryson, Petrolia	60
Lieut. Murray, Dresden	60
Capt. Sitzer, Goderich	60
Capt. Sitzer, Goderich	60
Ensign Howcroft, Wallaceburg	60
Sister Blackwell, Petrolia	60
S. M. Brydon, Windsor	60
C. C. Acclor, Windsor	60
Ensign Jarvis, Hespeler	60
Lieut. Gower, Theford	60
Adjt. Kenway, Woodstock	60
Capt. Coy, Stratford	60
Lieut. Cook, Forest	60
Capt. Pickle, Forest	60
Capt. Gower, Theford	60
C. C. Robinson, Windsor	60
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	60
Mrs. Novas, Norwich	60
Capt. Campbell, Seaforth	60
Capt. Cameron, Brantford	60
Adjt. McHarg, Petrolia	60

Sergt. Ellis, Dresden	24
Mrs. Adjt. McHarg, Petrolia	24
Lieut. Burney, Essex	24
Capt. Wiseman, Wyoming	24
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	24
Lieut. Edwards, Bothwell	24
Capt. Crawford, Rn্থwell	24
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	24
Rva Simpson, Guelph	24
Maggie Benn, Wallaceburg	24
Ensign Crawford, Godfrey	24
S. M. Grahau, Thamesville	24
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	24
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	24
Mrs. Garrod, Blenheim	24
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	24
Bella Beech, London	24
Lucy Horwood, London	24
Capt. Dowell, Clinton	24
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	24
Capt. Jordison, Dresden	24
Capt. Henderson, Wingham	24
Capt. Kitchen, Ingersoll	24
Capt. Hays, Ingersoll	24

East Ontario Province.

68 Hustlers.

Capt. Hickman, Picton	150
Bradbury, Sherbrooke	120
Lieut. Oldford, Odenburg	114
P. S. M. Busby, Hamilton	114
Capt. Slater, Sarnby	104
Adjt. Moore, Kingston	100
Lieut. Hoole, St. Albans	100
Cadet Greenlades, Port Hope	90
Capt. Lang, Burlington	83
Capt. Crook, Burlington	83
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	83
Sergt. Moss, Montreal I.	81
Mrs. Countryman, Kingston	81
Capt. Bloss, Cornwall	73
Lieut. Euseby, Belleville	73
Capt. Magee, Morrisburg	67
Capt. Ladd, Morrisburg	67
Capt. Peddel, Newport	67
Capt. Woods, St. Albans	65
Maggie Little, Newport	65
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	60
Lieut. Holliday, Quebec	60
Capt. Ash, Perth	60
Lieut. Gaves, Perth	60
Mrs. Ensign Bloss, Peterboro	60
Cadet Waugh, Peterboro	60
Lieut. Low, Arnprior	60
Lieut. Thompson, Pembroke	60
Sister Harber, Ottawa	60
Mrs. Moore, Kingston	60
Lieut. Owen, Nanawake	60
Capt. Crego, Gananook	60
Mrs. Gave, Gananook	60
Ida Munro, Barre	60
Capt. Green, Deseronto	60
Capt. Newell, Gananook	60
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	60
Lieut. Lowrie, Ottawa	60
F. S. M. Barton, Prescott	60
Capt. Pitcher, Montreal I.	60
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	60
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	60
Sergt. Hippert, Montreal II.	60
Capt. Reno, Montreal II.	60
Sergt. Loworthy, Twente	60
Cadet Soward, Kemptville	60
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	60
Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	60
Ensign Babiker, Port Hope	60
Capt. Greville, Picton	60
Cadet Grainger, Ottawa	60
Mrs. Welsh, Burlington	60
Sister Kane, Montreal I.	60
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	60
Capt. Cammidge, Odessa	60
Lieut. Rutledge, Colours	60
Capt. Hicks, Brockville	60
Mrs. Downey, Kingston	60
Sergt. Bullock, Montreal II.	60
Mrs. Lewis, Cornwall	60
Sister Monaghan, Brockville	60
J. Walton, Kingston	60
Capt. Randall, Picton	60
Sister Foley, Perth	60
Mrs. Jewell, Picton	60
Sergt. Vague, Montreal I.	60
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	60

Central Ontario Province.

64 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	200
Ensign L. Currell, Picton (2 was)	120
Sergt. Bowcock, Lippincott	100
Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	60
Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines	60
Lieut. M. Wilson, St. Catharines	60
Cadet Close, Lippincott	71
Lieut. Mowbray, Niagara Falls	65
Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, Newmarket	65
Adjt. Ogilvie, Owen Sound	60
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound	60
Sergt. Richards, Lindsay	60
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	60
Capt. Rose, Midland	60
Lieut. Minnis, Midland	60
Adjt. Walker, Riverside	60
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	60
Capt. Chubb, Sudbury	60
Mrs. Capt. Stacy, Temple	60

Capt. Stollker, Riverside	40
Capt. Carwardine, Little Current	40
Lieut. Phillips, Little Current	39
Capt. Trickey, Orillia	37
Cadet Langley, Orillia	37
Louie Cox, Hamilton I.	37
Capt. Kivell, Orangeville	36
A. Wellaby, Orangeville	33
Sister Palmer, Orillia	30
Lieut. Griffiths, Hamilton II.	30
Capt. Sticks, Hamilton II.	30
Sergt. Stephens, St. Catharines	30
Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St.	30
Sister Bowcher, Ligar St.	30
Sister McArthur, Temple	30
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple	30
Sister Burt, Temple	30
Lieut. Jago, Meaford	27
Cadet Hudgen, Lippincott	27
Capt. Brookets, Hamilton I.	27
Capt. Palling, Dovercourt	25
Ethel Smith, Dovercourt	25
Capt. LeCocq, Newmarket	25
Corps-Cadet McCarney, Riverside	25
Capt. Stephens, Brampton	25
Lieut. Crandell, Brampton	22
Capt. Fisher, Meaford	21
Helen West, Riverside	21
Sister Duell, Temple	21
Sister Bowman, Temple	20
Capt. French, Temple	20
Cadet-Lieut. Williams, Kilmount	20
M. Courtneymann, Norland	20
Adjt. Bale, Lindsay	20
Bro. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Sister Curry, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Hart, Ligar St.	20
Sister Tuck, Ligar St.	20
Ensign Stephens, Ligar St.	20
Mrs. Phillips, Ligar St.	20
Sergt. McHenry, Ligar St.	20
Mrs. Bowers, Orillia	20
Sister Furnace, Orillia	20

North-West Province.

56 Hustlers.

Sergt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg	110
Lieut. Croser, Brandon	100
Sister M. Lewis, Winnipeg	90
Mrs. Capt. G. Gillam, Gary	89
Lieut. Nuttall, Edmonton	89
Capt. J. Mercer, Fort William	81
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	82
Lieut. G. Papstein, Medicine Hat	80
Capt. J. Cook, Jamestown	78
Lieut. J. Russell, Fargo	76
Sergt. Mrs. Halford, Winnipeg	76
Mrs. Capt. R. Taylor, Portage la Prairie	72
Lieut. M. Miller, Grand Forks	68
Lieut. M. Miller, Grand Forks	68
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Grand Forks	60
Ensign A. Taylor, Devil's Lake	55
Capt. A. Hall, Lethbridge	55
Lieut. I. McLaren, Moorhead	45
Capt. A. Brandner, Grafton	44
Capt. J. McKay, Carman	44
Capt. G. Gamble, Regina	42
Ensign Burton, Moose Jaw	41
S. M. McAmmond, Winnipeg	40
Sgt. D. Curtis, Rat Portage	40
Cadet D. Reece, Neepawa	40
Capt. A. Peart, Moorhead	40
C.C. Mary Johnson, Neepawa	40
Lieut. M. Fleming, Grafton	32
Lieut. A. White, Seikirk	32
Capt. L. Lenwick, Valley City	31
Lieut. L. Dunster, Port Arthur	30
Neillie Gough, Dauphin	28
Lieut. E. Willey, Regina	28
Capt. S. Draper, Moosomin	25
Lieut. E. Irwin, Moosomin	25
Lieut. W. Meron, Laramore	25
Capt. Blodgett, Rat Portage	25
Lieut. J. Sherris, Rat Portage	25
Sergt. Mrs. Burns, Rat Portage	25
Capt. D. Meyers, Moose Jaw	25
Capt. J. Ferguson, Minto	25
Adjt. A. Thomas, Lethbridge	24
Lieut. W. Morris, Minnedosa	22
Lieut. Russell, Emerson	22
Cadet Nellis, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Mrs. Drummond, Winnipeg	20
Sister Emma Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Adjt. F. Scott, Regina	20
Adjt. F. Dean, Rat Portage	20
Trans. Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	20
Capt. O. Potter, Minto	20
Lieut. J. Engdahl, Fort William	20
Lieut. L. Smith, Carberry	20
Sister Smith, Carberry	20

Pacific Province.

42 Hustlers.

C. C. Robinson, Rossland	145
Capt. Duthie, Victoria	128
Capt. Galt, Butte	125
Lieut. Cannon, Billings	105
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Missoula	102
Capt. Miller, Lewiston	102
Capt. Heats, Helena	100
Sergt. Preston, Helena	100
Capt. Hurst, Victoria	90
Capt. Charlton, Helena	90
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Vancouver	85
Sister H. Knudson, Nelson	75

OUR HISTORY GLASS

III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XV.—(Concluded.)

It is due, in part, to this desiccating or drying property that alcohol does its work of destruction upon the blood corpuscles, the liver, the brain, and various other parts of the body. The brain of a hard drinker can be distinguished from that of a total abstainer by its hardness. The famous anatomist, Hyrtl, asserted that he could tell the brain of a drunkard in the dissecting-room in the dark.

4. **Alcohol is an Antiseptic.**—Although itself the result of fermentation, alcohol has the remarkable property of preventing this change in other substances. It has been suggested that this is an argument in favor of its use as a beverage, as it may prevent the destruction of the tissues, and so preserve life. The argument is in the highest degree fallacious. Alcohol preserves from decay, but not from death.

A LEAGUER'S LETTER.

"It was in one of the meetings conducted on board H.M.S. Malabar, by a Salvation Army Leaguer, that I was convicted of sin," writes a Leaguer from India. "But when I got to Bombay I tried to atone my desire to be saved by plunging headlong into evil courses."

"Once again I was brought in contact with devoted Salvationists, who were taking their stand for God aboard ship and in the barracks-room after more efforts to get away from God, I at last was obliged to yield.

"Soon after my conversion I became a Leaguer, but lacked power to take an out-and-out stand. I felt that the time had come for a forward movement; so, asking God to help me, I sought and found the blessing of full salvation at a meeting, conducted by Commissioner Howard, in Lahore. Since then I have rejoiced in victory."

The Pope bad, in the meantime, caused Jean de Brienne, the father of Frederick's late wife, to raise an army, and seize Apulia and Sicily in the name of his infant grandson, Konrad, who was Frederick's son. The Pope said, to his deliverance, that soldiers were called the Key-bearers, as being sent forth by the See of Rome, and bearing the Keys of St Peter made in cloth on their shoulders ; but they were really only savage, plundering men, and he was glad to see the men who all joined their emperor gladly in expelling them. The Pope, on this, gave up his attempt, and peace was made between him and the emperor, in which Gregory declared that the treaty made with the Sultan was the best that could have been made, and absolved Frederick.

The two had a conference at San Germano, but only one thing is known that was there settled. The Germans had formed an order of soldier-monks, like the Templars and Hospitaliers, for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre; but as there were jealousies between the three, Friedrich wished the Germans, who were called Teutonic Knights, to be removed from the Holy Land, and set to fight with the heathen and the Scythians, in the lands near the Baltic, in Borussia near the Baltic, in Prussia. The German Master, Herman von Salza, was made a Prince of the Empire, and they were to have all the lands they conquered.

Friedrich stayed on in Italy, attending a university he had founded at Naples, to which he invited scholars from all parts, especially the famous ones. He translated the works of Aristotle into Latin his Arabic version of Aristotle, and was looked on by all the ignorant as a great magician. The greatest scholar who grew up at Naples was St. Thomas Aquinas, a most famous theologian. He translated Aristotle's arguments to teach Christians truth. Friedrich's court was full of learning, elegance, and poetry, but chiefly of a self-indulgent kind. He so loved minstrelsy that he gave the name of Minstrel to his poets. He was, too, a troubadour. The famous singer, Walter of Vogelweide, died about this time, and left lands whosoever should be given to feed his wife-minstrels, the birds at his tomb. He was a troubadour, and he wrote sweet music round his tomb.

[illegible]

IMPORTANT NOTICE

It is very important that officers do not need any other checks or to any of our Women's Social Institutions without making previous arrangements and obtaining the consent of the Matrons beforehand as we have been put to a serious inconvenience in the way. We gladly help all who need us, but to avoid any misapprehension on the part of applicants, we earnestly request officers to inform us of their visits previously. Apply to the following addresses:-

Toronto.....Lieut. Col. Mrs. Read, cor. James and Albert St.
Ottawa.....Adjutant McDonald, Riverview Ave., London St.
Montreal.....Adjutant McLaughlin, 25 St. James Street
Winnipeg.....Adjutant Langdon, 26 St. James Street
Edmonton.....Adjutant Langdon, 26 St. James Street
St. John.....Eldon King, 100, Cook Street
Calgary.....Adjutant Ward, 414 1/2 4th Avenue
Regina.....Adjutant Ward, 414 1/2 4th Avenue
Battle, Man.....Adjutant Givlin, 25 West Cooper Street
Saskatoon.....Staff Capt. Joy, 75 Chandler Street South

It is due, in part, to this desiccating or drying property that alcohol does its work of destruction upon the blood corpuscles, the liver, the brain, and various other parts of the body. The brain of a hard drinker can be distinguished from that of a total abstainer by its hardness. The famous anatomist, Hyrtl, asserted that he could tell the brain of a drunkard in the dissecting-room in the dark.

4. **Alcohol is an Antiseptic.**—Although itself the result of fermentation, alcohol has the remarkable property of preventing this change in other substances. It has been suggested that this is an argument in favor of its use as a beverage, as it may prevent the destruction of the tissues, and so preserve life. The argument is in the highest degree fallacious. Alcohol preserves from decay, but not from death.

A few years ago the writer heard of an old gentleman who had reached the advanced age of one hundred and eighty. He was a very remarkable man, and his life was a remarkable age might have been attained through temperate habits of life, he took considerable pains to hunt him up. To his disappointment he found that the old gentleman, that he had been addicted to the use of whiskey and tobacco for upwards of a century. He found him putting away at a short pipe, a poor old fellow, with a few wrinkles, and with only a partial semblance of human form, quite incapable of any enjoyment but the sort of negative pleasure afforded by his pipe and today's news. He was a very good fellow, a human pickle—dead, in a practical sense, for thirty or forty years, though his friends had neglected to bury him. Alcohol makes a very good pickle, and the old man was not a selfish member of society.

A LEAGUER'S LETTER.

"It was in one of the meetings conducted on board H.M.S. Malabar, by a Salvation Army Leaguer, that I was convicted of sin," writes a Leaguer from India. "But when I got to Bombay I tried to atone my desire to be saved by plunging headlong into evil courses."

"Once again I was brought in contact with devoted Salvationists, who were taking their stand for God aboard ship and in the barracks-room after more efforts to get away from God, I at last was obliged to yield.

"Soon after my conversion I became a Leaguer, but lacked power to take an out-and-out stand. I felt that the time had come for a forward movement; so, asking God to help me, I sought and found the blessing of full salvation at a meeting, conducted by Commissioner Howard, in Lahore. Since then I have rejoiced in victory."

III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XV.—(Concluded.)

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London.....Adjutant McDonald, Interview Ave., London
Ottawa.....Adjutant McLaughlin, 25 St. James Street
Montreal.....Adjutant McLaughlin, 25 St. James Street
Winnipeg.....Adjutant Langdon, St. James and Young Streets
Edmonton.....Edna King, 1000 10th Avenue
St. John.....Edna King, 1000 10th Avenue
St. Paul.....Edna King, 1000 10th Avenue
Chicago.....Adjutant Ward, 4141 Broadway
Seattle.....Adjutant Ward, 4141 Broadway
Butte, Mont.....Adjutant Ward, 4141 Broadway
Saskatoon.....Adjutant Ward, 4141 Broadway
Snokeane.....Sgt. Capt. Joy, 79 Chandler Street South

A few years ago the writer heard of an old gentleman who had reached the advanced age of one hundred and seven years. Thinking that this was a remarkable age might have been attained through temperate habits of life, he took considerable pains to hunt him up. To his disappointment he learned that the old fellow was a confirmed drunkard, who was soeling the contents of the bottle he had been addicted to the use of whiskey and tobacco for upwards of a century. He found him perfectly sane, but a short piece of unrivelled wit caricatured his humanity, with only a partial semblance of human form, quite incapable of any enjoyment but the sort of negative pleasure founded by pipe and tobacco. In fact, nothing more or less than a human pickle—dead, in a practical sense, for thirty or forty years, though his friends had neglected to bury him. The old fellow was a good fellow, but human pickles are not useful members of society.

The Klondike.

4 Hustlers

on account of its great affinity for water. So great is its avidity for water that it is extremely difficult to obtain it in a perfectly pure state, and it is equally difficult to preserve

alcohol soon becomes shrivelled, hard, and leathery from the action of the alcohol upon its albuminoid elements. This action is readily shown by the following simple experiment :

Place in a goblet the whites of two

Second Insertion.

PAYNE, ALFRED M. Height about 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, grey eyes, age 27, is rather good looking. He is a stone-mason and plasterer by trade. Left home about the 1st of July, 1901. His wife, father, and mother are very anxious to hear from him.

LEGACIES

Helps 10 Friends who are about to make their wills; and desire to help the work of the Salvation Army.

THE good intentions of some friends have been made unavailing in consequence of their wills not being in conformity with the law relative to charitable bequests. The following names of action is therefore recommended:—If the property of a Testator, or of a person dying intestate, is comprised of (1st), or Testaments, Stocks, Bonds, Cash, or Real Estate, (2nd), or Shares in Companies, Consols, Loans to Municipal Corporations, Debentures, Shares in Gas, Electric Light or Power, Water, or Industrial Companies, Marine Telegraph Shares, and Shares in Mines, or similar kinds of property, then the following form of bequest

"GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEST TO COMMISSIONER
EVELING L. C. BOOTH, or other the Commissioner or
Chief Officer for the time being, of THE SALVATION ARMY
in the Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda
and the North-Western States of America, the sum of
\$10,000.00 to be used or applied by her or him at
her or his discretion for the general purposes of the said
Salvation Army in the said Territory of Canada, Newfoundland,
Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America.

Directions for Execution of Will.

"The Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must both be present together when the Testator signs, and each witness must sign in the presence of the Testator and the other witness. The signature of the Testator must be at the end of the Will. The following is the method to adopt, for a Testator to be quite sure that his will will be executed properly, is for him to take the Will and fold it so that the Testator's signature is at the end of the Will. Then the Testator signs the will in each other's presence, and let each of the three go away until they have all signed.

"The Testator must be of legal age and of sound mind, and must be advised for any friends desired to benefit the Army by Will or otherwise, and will treat any communications made to her or him as the subject of strictly private and confidential conversation, and will not divulge the same to any person, and the same shall be kept private and confidential, and will be subject to the control of the Committee, and will be referred to COMMITTEES C. B. SMITH, & A. T. SMITH."

Place in a goblet the whites of two or three eggs, from which the yolks have been carefully removed. Now add two or three tablespoonfuls of strong alcohol. In a minute or two the colorless, transparent albumen has become opaque, white, and hard, as though it had been dropped in boiling water.

A black and white photograph of a long, two-story wooden building, likely a schoolhouse, with a prominent chimney on the left and a smaller structure on the right. The building is surrounded by trees and a fence in the foreground.

Treas. McLeod's Shop and Dwelling, Portage la Prairie, Man.
(The Glory Pump Shop.)



HOLINESS.

LORD, LET ME COME.

Tunes.—How will you do? (B.J. 174); There is a happy land (New B.B. 95).

As I am before Thy face, Saviour,
I pray,
Let the merits of Thy grace claim
me today.
Canst Thou my poor treasure take,
And my heart Thy temple make?
Can my sins, for Thy dear sake, be
washed away?

As I am my griefs I lay down at Thy
feet;
I scoop to kiss my tears away, Lord, I
entrust.
None but Thine own hand can heal,
None but Thine own eye reveal.
All I want and all I feel: Lord, let
me come.

As I am so tired of strife, Lord, let
me come.
As I am for death or life, Lord, let
me come.
Crowds of fears obstruct my way,
Past defeats would bid me stay.
Yet in child-like faith I pray, Lord, let
me come.

All my past is known to Thee, Lord,
let me come;
All my future Thou canst see, Lord,
let me come.
Take me, I can trust, what'er befall,
In Thy hands, whatever my fall.
Then no tempest shall appal: Lord,
let me come!

HALLELUJAH! HE IS ABLE.

Tunes.—Never can tell (B.J. 13); Turn to the Lord (B.J. 77).

Though your sins may be as scar:
let,
They shall be as white as snow,
Though they now be red as crimson,
Full salvation you may know.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! He is able,
Able now to set you free,
With an uttermost salvation;
Then victorious you shall be.

Christ is here to save you fully,
From all inward, hidden strife;
Jesus' blood can make you holy,
Power impart for spotless life.

Worldly, narrow, selfish feeling
In your heart has had the sway;
Horrid sins God is revealing—
These can all be swept away.

You have never dared to venture,
Fearing what the world would say;
You're a timid, doubting creature—
This can all be changed to-day.

EXPERIENCE AND TESTI- MONY.

COURAGE, SOLDIERS.

Tune.—Pull for the shore.
Cut of the dunceon, soldier,
Lift up your head;
Now Thy Deliverer's praises
Everywhere spread.
Dark be the bondage, soldier,
Now, thank God, o'er.
Saved from sin to rescue others,
Life evermore.

Chorus.

Fight for your King, soldier, fight for
your King;
On, dying souls to save, and captives
to bring!
On, till the shouts of triumph heaven's
arches ring,
Leave the world and sin behind, and
fight for your King.

Dark has the past been, soldier,
New life's begun,
On, in the Saviour's footsteps
Patiently run.
Look now to Jesus, soldier,
Never despair,
Be a soldier of the cross,
And glory share.

Hell will oppose thee, soldier,
On, never heed;
Earth from the cruel serpent
yet shall be freed.
Jesus is with thee, soldier,
On, never fear!
With Him, in the day of triumph,
Thou shalt appear.
E. B. Dearling, Hespeler.

TRUSTING ALL THE DAY.

Tune.—Just as the sun went down,
When I was wandering afar from
God,
Living in sin and shame,
Day by day spending my time for
naught,
Seeking for worldly fame,
'Twas then, while trying my soul to
save,
Jesus spoke peace to me.

Give me the joy I so long desired,
Lest His dear name, I'm free.

Chorus.

Trusting Jesus all the way,
He has redeemed my soul,
From all the evils of worldly life,
Made me fully whole.
True to the Saviour I mean to be
Till His dear face I see,
Trusting and loving Him day by day,
Jesus, so dear to me.

Sinner, the Saviour is calling you,
Why not come to Him now?
While He is waiting to set you free,
At the cross humbly bow.
Thou give your life and your all to
Him,
Trust Him, and do His will,
Then He will keep you, oh, bless His
name!
He doth His word fulfil.
Cadet L. W. Hunt,
Larimore, N.D.

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

Tunes.—Stick to the Army, lads (B.J. 379); Ane wearing of the green.

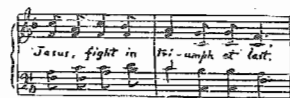
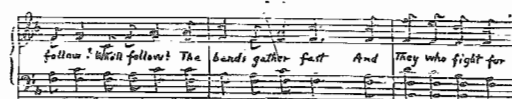
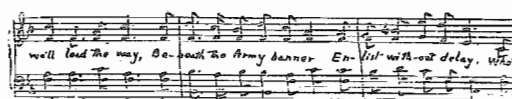
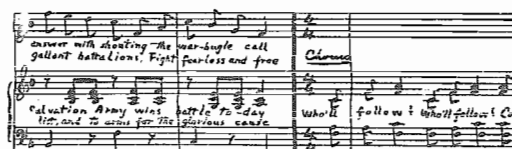
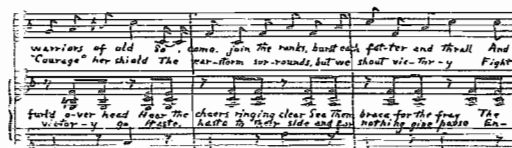
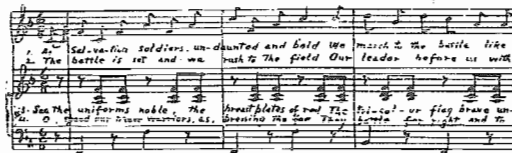
I know some people who're afraid
to speak, or sing, or pray,
Because they don't know what
some Scribe or Pharisee will
say;
But I will tell you of a few who have
their mettle tried,
It makes no difference what they do
if God is on our side.

King Nebuchad thought he would like
a feast of roasted man,
He, therefore, took three Hebrew boys
and put them in a pan.

WHO'LL FOLLOW? *

A SALVATION BATTLE SONG.

Words and Music by W. A. Hawley, Charlotetown, P.E.I.



But God then sent His angel to throw
the flame away,
I makes no difference what they do
if God is on our side.

You've heard of Joseph—how they sold
him to a sly old man,
Who took and carried him away into
a distant land;
But God just kept him good and true
where'er he did abide—
It makes no difference what they do
if God is on our side.

Now Pharaoh, the mighty King, the
greatest in his day,
With all his might he tried to keep
the Jews from going away,
But still, when pharaoh came, they
would, no matter how he tried—
It makes no difference what they do
if God is on our side.

Then march along, my comrades dear,
and tell of Jesus' love,
For God will give you strength enough
and grace from heaven above,
In spite of sneers the world may give,
your God will safely guide;
It makes no difference what they do
if God is on our side.

SALVATION.

A SINNER'S PLEA.

Tune.—Whiter than snow (B.J. 56).

Lord Jesus, behold me just now
at Thy feet,
A sinner unpardoned, my Saviour
to meet;
I know Thou canst save me, Thy blood
it does flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Chorus.

Whiter than snow, etc.

Too long I've been living in sin and
deceit,
But, Jesus, I'm coming, I know Thou
art here;
To cast none away is the promise to
me;
I rely on Thy promise to set my soul
free.

Lord Jesus, I've wandered away from
the fold,
I'm coming again, the world is so cold,
I cannot stay back, to the fountain I'll
go,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Lord Jesus, I kneel at Thy crucified
feet,
For all sin-ack souls Thou hast prom-
ised to meet;
I'll give up my sin, turn my face to
the foe,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

I ask Thee to take me just now as I
come,
For all guilty souls at the cross there
in room;
By faith now I claim Thee my Saviour
to be,
I'm sure at this moment my soul is
set free.

Lieut. S. French, L.B.I.

MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Tune.—My beautiful home (B.J. 411).

Above the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and
fair.

My home is there, my home is there

Chorus.

My beautiful home, my beautiful
home,
In the land where the glorified ever
shall roam,
Where angels bright wear crowns of
light,
My home is there, my home is there.

Away from sorrow, doubt, and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptations, tears, and care,
My home is there, my home is there.
Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,
My home is there, my home is there.